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CARDINAL WOLSEY.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Gardens of Windsor Castle in the Sixteenth Century, with the River Thames in the background. Castle, R.; terrace and steps, C.; sundial, L. C. Time—Twilight.*

Enter the young EARL OF SURREY, R., walking slowly—he stops near the sundial, L. C., and leans upon it.

SURREY. How sweet to poets and to lovers seem
The evening hours, when garish day is gone,
And black-browed night still lingers in the east;
When the hot sun is set, and yon pale moon
Throws o'er the weary earth her cooling beams,
And lights up all its beauties with her smile.
Bright goddess, tell me, 'is there in the world
A single spot on which thou shinest now,
More beautiful than here in peerless Windsor—
Here, 'mid these royal gardens and green woods,
These rippling lakes, and fern-clad river banks,
Where now the dappled deer come down to drink,
And the white swans are slumbering peacefully?
How grand these stately towers and massy walls,
Where England's kings and queens have lived and died,
Since Merlin raised a magic fortress here
For great King Arthur and his Table Round!
Here, too, the Muse of Poesie holds sway,
And teaches her sweet lessons to young Love.
Methinks I'll seek her shrine in yonder grove,
And ask an inspiration from the Muse
For my new stanzas to fair Geraldine.

Exit, L.

Enter ANNE BOLEYN (in a dress of purple velvet trimmed with ermine, her hair hanging loose down her shoulders as she usually wore it, with a head-dress similar to that shown in Holbein's portrait), leaning on the arm of LADY ELIZABETH FITZGERALD, better known as "The Fair Geraldine."

GERALDINE. Dear Anne, hast thou quite set thy heart on it,
To take Queen Catherine's place in Windsor here?

ANNE. I'faith, sweet coz, I have but little choice;
The King will have it so, and what he wills
We helpless subjects must needs will as well.
Better to wed King Henry than King Death.
But I indeed do pity the poor Queen,
Though she has been so cold and stern to me,
Since I came back from France to wait on her.
I know she hates me, still I pity her,
And might be bold enough to brave the King
And tell him that I would not marry him,
If he would then restore her to her place;
But you well know he hath grown tired of her,
And is full set on it to have divorce:
So nought that I can do will alter it.

GERALD. He hath some scruples, I have sometime heard,
That Catherine never was his lawful wife,
Being wedded to Prince Arthur. And 'tis said
The curse of heaven hath rested on them both,
And smitten down their children one by one.
And therefore would he wed another wife,
That he may have a son to follow him
And bear his name and crown when he is dead?

ANNE. Whate'er his reasons be his will is plain,
And I must yield me to it, Geraldine!

GERALD. You do not love him, then?

ANNE. Speak not of love!

(*aside*) O God, that Percy had been true to me!
I do admire him, as all women must
So handsome, brave, and courteous a prince.
And maybe I shall love him in good time—
As much as gentle Surrey doth love thee.
If thou art wise thou wilt not say him nay.
A good man's honest love is worth far more
Than all the gold and jewels in the world.
Aye, though in crowns and sceptres they be set:
There's many an aching heart upon a throne.

GERALD. (*slily*) 'Tis said Sir Thomas Wyat loveth thee.

ANNE. A poet loves all womankind alike,
That are well favoured and do smile on him.
He loves me as he loves the moon and stars,
And all else that is pleasing in his sight.
Come, let us go and sit in yonder bower,
And thou shalt sing me one of Surrey's songs.
I know thou hast them all by heart; and I,
As thy reward, will try persuade the King
To change his stern decree, and let thee wed
The poet Earl whom thou dost love so much.

GERALD. (*eagerly*) If thou'lt do that, I'll sing to thee for aye.

ANNE. Say only till thou hast a better mate
To answer thee in kind.

GERALD. I vow, dear Anne,
I could not love him more than I do thee.

ANNE. Then kiss me, pretty one, and come and sing.

GERALD. There's one for thee and one for Surrey, sweet.

ANNE. I'll give it for thee to the handsome youth,
When next I meet him.

GERALD. Thou hadst better not.
I'll ne'er forgive thee, else, thou wicked one.

Exeunt, laughing.

Enter SURREY with tablets in his hand.

SURREY. (*reading*) "Give place ye lovers herebefore,
That spend your boasts and brags in vain.
My lady's beauty passeth more,
The best whose charms your praises gain,
Than doth the sun the candlelight,
Or brightest day the darkest night."

*Enter while SURREY is reading, CAPTAIN BOUCHIER, in habergeon
and russet mantle, with steel cap and sword.*

BOUCHIER. My lord of Surrey, canst thou give an ear
To thy poor servant for a little space?

SURREY. Speak on.

BOUCH. Then, an it please you, I would say
I have made all in readiness within,
Both for the banquet and the masquerade
In honour of the Lady Anne Boleyn.

SURREY. Thanks, Bouchier. The Queen's rooms must be prepared
For my fair cousin and her maids to-night.

Such was the strict command I did receive
Of our enamoured King.

BOUCH. I'll see to it.

She shall be lodged as royally as though
She wore the crown already, good my lord.

SURREY. The Cardinal Campeggio, from Rome,
The Pope's proud prelate, must have lodging too.

BOUCH. And that still prouder Cardinal, my lord?

SURREY. The Cardinal Wolsey? Ha! that haughty priest
Will one day lose the head he holds so high,
An he be not more humble. Go, Bouchier,
And tell me when Sir Thomas Wyat comes.

Exit BOUCHIER.

(*continues reading*) "Learn all ye lovers, proud and bold,
When she had fashioned Geraldine,
Dame Nature lost the perfect mould
And never more shall it be seen.
Long hath she mourned in grief and pain
She could not make the like again."*

Enter ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE. I see my lord of Surrey courts the muse.
Is't but a vesper hymn or rhyme of love
Thou writest? Master Skelton, poet laureate,
And thy young rhyming friend, Sir Thomas Wyat,
Will soon be jealous of thee I suspect.
Art writing nonsense to Fair Geraldine?

SURREY. The Lady Anne Boleyn hath little cause
To speak of others breeding jealousy,
Since she hath made the King himself her slave,
To crown her lengthy list of servitors.

ANNE. (*smiling*) Have I so many? Well, of this be sure,
I ever loved my gentle cousin Surrey.
Come, let us walk along the river-bank,
And I will tell thee news of Geraldine.

SURREY. And I have news for thee,—Sir Thomas Wyat
Rides here to-day from Dover.

ANNE. Doth he so?
He will be wearied with so long a ride.

SURREY. (*looking up*) Here is Sir Thomas.

* This and the preceding stanza are Surrey's own, slightly altered to suit the modern mode of speech. The poetical conceit above expressed has been frequently "adopted" by modern "Sons of Song."—W. S. R.

ANNE. (*excitedly*) Ha ! Then listen, coz.—
 Fair Geraldine awaits thee by yon tower.
 SURREY *smiles and kisses her hand—Exit, L.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT, R.

(ANNE *giving him her hand to kiss*) Good e'en, Sir Thomas.
 Art thou not fatigued
 With thy long ride from Dover ?

SIR T. Nay, dear Anne,
 How can I feel fatigue so near to thee ?
 (ANNE *smiles and shakes her handkerchief at him*)
 I wish I had that kerchief for a badge,
 To deck my armour at the tournament.
 I would defy our puissant King himself
 To take it from me at the lance's point.

Enter WILL SOMERS, the King's Jester.

ANNE. Then thou shalt have it ; for I much do love
 All deeds of daring, and of chivalry.
 (SIR THOMAS *stretches out his hand*)

WILL. (*seizing his hand*) Take heed, Sir Thomas !

SIR T. Heed of what, thou fool ?

WILL. Lest thou do cause some evil to thyself,
 Or to the Lady Anne. Here comes the King.

ANNE. (*hurriedly*) Then I must go to him. Adieu, Sir Thomas.
Exit, R.

WILL. Thou wilt not get thy kerchief now, Sir Knight :
 The knave's a sorry card against a king.

SIR T. (*contemptuously*) Wert thou not shielded by thy folly,
 fool,

I would chastise thee for thine insolence.

WILL. I fear thee not, but give thee good advice—
 No jackal dares to snatch a lion's prey. *Exit, R.*

SIR T. Methinks the fool is right, but I grow mad,
 Now that my mistress hath proved false to me. *Exit, L.*

Enter the EARL OF SURREY *with the* FAIR GERALDINE *leaning on*
his arm.

SURREY. (*passionately*) Fair Geraldine, I need not tell my love.
 Mine eyes do speak it daily unto thine.
 My heart, now beating softly 'gainst thine own,
 In every pulse declares how thou art loved.
 All day I think of nought save love and thee ;

All night I dream of nought save love and thee ;
 And when the Muse inspires me with a song,
 Thou knowst the theme is ever love and thee.
 I live but in thy smiles ; I only hear
 When thy soft voice is murmuring music near.
 My eyes are blind to everything but thee ;
 And I can scent no sweetness in the air,
 Save when I feel thy breath upon my cheek.
 I never knew the ecstasy of touch,
 Till I first clasped thee in these longing arms ;
 Nor tasted of delight till on thy lips
 I first impressed the clinging kiss of love.
 Oh ! Geraldine, thou wilt not tell me now,
 That thou hast warmed my being into life
 To doom it only to a darker death.

GERALD. It is not I, dear Harry, but the King,
 Who hath declared we never shall be wed.
 I wish no happier lot than to be thine,
 And ever rest within thy loving arms.
 But since the King hath said it shall not be,
 Though it break both our hearts, we must submit.
 Thou know'st how Wolsey parted Anne Boleyn
 From Percy Hotspur whom she loved so well.
 And they will part us, too, and thou like him
 Wilt wed another they will choose for thee.

SURREY. Nay, fear not that, sweetheart ; we'll fly to France.
 Her gallant monarch will befriend us both.
 He welcomes all true lovers to his court ;
 And mayhap he will intercede for us
 With Henry, and persuade him to consent.
 The King forgave Charles Brandon when he wed
 His sister Mary Tudor 'gainst his will,
 And he will have more cause to pardon us.

GERALD. I have a better hope than France could give—
 If we might dare to hope. Dear Anne Boleyn
 Hath promised to entreat the King for us ;
 But I do fear me she will not succeed.

SURREY. (*joyfully*) Nay, fear it not, he can deny her nought ;
 Sweet Geraldine, we shall be happy yet.
 Heaven grant it so ! I could not live an hour
 If thou wert lost to me—my life ! my love !

GERALD. (*playing with his hair*) Wilt always love me thus ?

SURREY. Aye, doubt me not !
 I knew not how I loved thee till the fear

Of losing thee did so distract my soul.

I have no joy, sweetheart, apart from thee.

GERALD. Nor I, save in thy love.

SURREY. (*eagerly*) Then swear to me
Thou wilt not wed another while I live.

GERALD. Nay, Harry, that were somewhat hard if thou
Should'st wed another. But I swear to thee,
While thou remainest true I'll wed none else.
But hark! a footstep! Give me one sweet kiss
And let me go. (*he kisses her passionately on mouth and cheek*)
Nay, I did say but one.

There, I must go. God bless thee, gentle Surrey. *Exit.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT.

SIR T. Ha, Surrey! you seem happy—well you may.
Your lovely mistress still is true to you,
While mine hath played me false; but she shall find
I'm not to be so easily dismissed.

SURREY. Why, what do you intend?

SIR T. Have I your aid?

SURREY. In every knightly deed thou surely hast.

SIR T. Well, this will be a nightly one, good sooth,
For this same night I mean to hazard it.
Both thou and I are well aware, I trow,
Of all the ins and outs of Windsor Castle?

SURREY. We have been in it long enough to learn.

SIR T. Dost thou remember, then, the secret stair,
That opens on the rooms they call "the Queen's?"

SURREY. Why Henry gave those rooms to Anne Boleyn!

SIR T. Ha! so I heard; and when she goes to-night
She'll find me there, mayhap, awaiting her.

Enter WILL SOMERS secretly.

SURREY. Why, madman! what wild scheme dost thou design?

SIR T. To plead once more with Anne to fly with me;
I cannot—will not—give her to the King!
Say thou wilt aid me, and I go at once
To take all needful measures for our flight.

SURREY. I warn thee, Wyatt, we shall lose our heads;
But, for our friendship's sake, I'll go with thee.

SIR T. (*grasping his hand*) Thou art a friend, indeed—a right
true friend! *Exeunt.*

WILL. "To plead once more with Anne to fly with him,—
And in her room," methought I heard him say.

I' faith I must acquaint King Hal of this :
He'll clip the jackal's claws, I'll warrant me.

Exit.

Enter KING HENRY with ANNE BOLEYN on his arm.

HENRY. And now thou hast returned to Windsor Castle,
Thou shalt its mistress be as thou art mine.

(they walk across stage and return)

*Enter, meeting them, CAPTAIN BOUCHIER with MARK FYTTON, a
butcher, and two HALBERDIERS, and shortly afterwards CAR-
DINAL WOLSEY, followed by WILL SOMERS.*

BOUCH. *(advancing alone)* May't please your Majesty to stay awhile.

HENRY. Well, Bouchier, what is it thou hast to say ?

BOUCH. In Windsor, yestere'en, I did arrest
A noisy butcher for his trait'rous speech
Against your Highness and the Lady Anne.
What is your pleasure, Sire, concerning him ?

HENRY. Where is the caitiff ?

BOUCH. He is here, my liege.

(the HALBERDIERS bring MARK forward)

HENRY. So, fellow ! hast thou dared to rail at us,
Thy sovereign ?

MARK. I have spoken nought but truth.
I said thou wouldst divorce thy lawful Queen,
To take this wanton woman for thy wife.

(ANNE starts angrily)

And 'tis a wrongful act, as all men know.

HENRY. Foul shall befall thy tongue for saying so.
'Twere thy deserts to pluck it from thy throat,
And cast it to the dogs. What ho ! Bouchier,
Take this low miscreant to the Curfew Tower,
And hang him from its summit ; he shall learn,
That kings are not by caitiffs to be schooled.

ANNE. My liege, I pray you be more merciful,
And mar not thus this bright and joyous day.

HENRY. Nay, sweetheart, I do ne'er unsay my words.

ANNE. 'Twere pity put this stalwart youth to death
Whose strength thou mightest use against thy foes.
I do entreat you let him live, my liege !
I'll answer for't he'll prove an honest guard.

HENRY. *(obstinately)* He shall not live to wag his scurvy tongue
'Gainst his anointed King. Away with him !

MARK. I thank thee, lady, for thy gracious words,
But fear not death. God save Queen Catherine !

HENRY. Away with him. We'll see him hanged ourself !
Exeunt CAPTAIN BOUCHIER *and* HALBERDIERS, *with* MARK.

Enter the EARL OF SURREY.

HENRY. Ha, Surrey, gentle poet and brave youth !
 Go bid the revellers prepare their games ;
 We will return and look at them anon.
 Come, Lady Anne, let us within awhile. *Exeunt.*

WOLSEY. What meaneth this ? He doth not speak to me.
 I have in naught offended him I trust.
 That crafty jade doth so engross him now,
 He hath no thought or care for aught beside.

WILL. (*coming behind him*) What thinks your lordship of the
 butcher's fate ?

The Lady Anne did deign to pity him.
 She hath a kindly heart, good sooth, and yet—
 'Tis said she hath no love for *Cardinals*.

WOLSEY *as if waking from a reverie, casts a scornful
 look at the JESTER and exit—WILL SOMERS follows,
 mocking his stately walk—Enter REVELLERS—Revels,
 and Grand Ballet of VILLAGE GIRLS—Black Curtain
 lowered at conclusion of Ballet.*

Two Hours supposed to elapse.

SCENE SECOND.—*The same. Body of* MARK FYTTON *seen hanging
 from the furthest tower. Time—dusk ; moon shining, R.*

Enter QUEEN CATHERINE, *masked, with her secretary* GRIFFITH
and LADY WILLOUGHBY, *also masked.*

CATHERINE. Ah, Griffith ! what a fickle thing it is
 That men call popularity—thou knowest
 These people did rejoice and revel thus
 When Henry made me his proud wife and queen ;
 And now, again, when I am put away,
 For mine own maid, they will make merry on't.
 Oh, Henry, Henry ! monarch of my heart,
 In losing thee I lose all else beside !

Enter KING HENRY.

HENRY. Who calls upon my name ?

CATH. (*removing her mask*) 'Tis I, my liege. (*he turns away*)

Hear me, a moment, Henry, my dear liege,
My husband—one short moment give to me.

HENRY. Be brief then, Kate.

CATH. Heaven bless you for that word.
(throws herself at his feet)

Henry! I am indeed your own true Kate,
Your ever faithful, loving, lawful wife.

HENRY. Madam, I pray you rise, such humble posture
Doth not beseem Catherine of Arragon.

CATH. I will obey thee as I ever did,
But still must plead for pity and for pardon.
Ne'er was a queen and daughter of a king
So full of misery as I am now.
For twenty years a true and happy wife;
I little dreamed I should be put away
In shame and foul dishonour, and my place
Filled by another—one of mine own maids.
Oh, Henry! 'tis a base and cruel act,
A king should scorn.

HENRY. If you have only come
To utter these reproaches to me, madam,
You might have spared yourself a needless pain.

CATH. I came not to reproach you, but to pray
That you will do me justice. Oh, my liege,
If thou wilt have no pity upon me,
Spare—I beseech thee—spare, our helpless child.

(kneels again in an imploring attitude)

HENRY. Catherine, you sue in vain. I do lament
Your sad condition, but my eyes are opened
Unto the sinful state in which I lived
So long with you, my brother Arthur's wife.

CATH. Henry, 'tis false, it was no state of sin
In which for twenty years we both have lived.
Think you my father, Ferdinand of Spain,
And thine own father would have made the match,
If there were ought in it of wickedness?
No, no, 'tis false, 'tis false and infamous.
Had I my youth and beauty still, methinks
No sin would scare thee from our marriage bed.

HENRY. Have you said all your say?

CATH. No, my dear liege,
Nor yet one hundredth part, though I well know
'Twill all be useless; thou wilt cast aside
A faithful wife of whom thou hast grown tired,

And take this crafty siren, Anne Boleyn,
Whose wanton charms have still the bloom on them,
To share thy throne ; but be thou warned of this,
She will ere long dishonour it and thee.

HENRY. Thou ravest, Kate, she dare not play me false.

CATH. A wanton woman will dare anything,
Go anywhere, when passion points the way.
And when you seek divorce from her, my liege,
There'll be no need to look for an excuse.

HENRY. I'll seek for no divorce—if she prove false,
Nought but the headsman's axe shall part us then,
And that full soon.

CATH. Swear that to me, my liege.

HENRY. Ay, by my father's head, I swear it, Kate.

CATH. Thank heaven ! Stay, Henry ! look you there who comes ;
'Tis Anne herself, repeat thine oath to her. (*resumes her mask*)

Appearance of HERNE THE HUNTER, L., unobserved.

Enter ANNE BOLEYN, R.

ANNE. Whom have we here, my liege ? A lady masked !
This is too much ; though I have oft been told
Thou'rt light o' love. I have but scarce arrived
Within this castle, where you bade me be
Sole mistress, and I find you here alone,
In secret converse with another woman.
You talk to me of jealousy, my liege ;
Methinks 'tis I have cause to show it now.

HENRY. Go back, sweetheart, and talk not foolishly.

ANNE. Not till I know who this masked lady is.

(goes up to her and pulls off her mask)

The Queen ! (*starts back*)

CATH. Yes, minion ! 'tis your Queen,
Whom you have basely robbed of her just rights,
And who denounces you before high heaven,
And will call down its wrath upon your head
Each night, and pray you may be brought to shame !
And when I be called hence, as soon I shall,
I will appear before the Throne of God,
And summon you to judgment, shameless one !

ANNE. Oh, Henry ! I implore you take me hence !

CATH. (*seizing her arm*) Nay, wanton, thou shalt stay, and hear
me out,

And tremble in the presence of your Queen.
The sceptre you have wrested from my hand

Shall moulder, while you grasp it, into dust ;
 The crown my husband places on your brow
 Shall burn, like scorching iron, into your brain,
 Until it bend your head upon the block—

As but a moment since the King hath sworn.

ANNE. Oh, Henry ! what means this ? You have not sworn——

HENRY. That if you should prove false to me you die—

I have so sworn, and I will keep my oath.

ANNE. O God ! what have I done ? (*falls*)

CATH. (*standing over her*) See, see, my liege—

The woman for whose love you cast me off,

Lies at my feet, and dare not meet my gaze.

Lest thou forget this night, I swear to thee

That when the day of retribution comes,

My disembodied spirit shall appear,

And claim fulfilment of thy righteous oath.

HERNE *disappears silently, R.*

HENRY. (*grasping his sword*) Ha ! Herne the Hunter ! that fiend
 haunts me still.

(*Black Curtain to fall on this Tableau, as in Scene First,
 and remain a few minutes, to mark change of time*)

Two Hours supposed to elapse.

SCENE THIRD.—*The same. Time—night.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT, moodily.

SIR T. Yes, it is better I should hasten hence.

If I remain near her I shall go mad.

Yet to resign her to King Henry's love ;

To know that he is ever at her side,

List'ning to the rich music of her voice,

And basking in the sunshine of her smile,

Whilst I am left in darkness and despair.

The thought is worse than madness—I will stay,

And will defy the King to do his worst.

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY.

WOLSEY. I did not come to play the listener,

But I have heard enough, Sir Thomas Wyatt,

To place thy life and person in my power.

Thou speakest treason. Dost thou know the risk ?

SIR T. What care I for the risk, Lord Cardinal !

My life can give me naught save vengeance now.

WOLSEY. Thy fickle mistress hath well earned thy wrath.
 I will assist thee ; thou shalt have revenge.
 But I will not deceive thee—thou wilt buy
 Thy vengeance with thy blood.

SIR T. Say on, say on.
 I'll sell my life for vengeance willingly :
 Shew me but how to slay him, Cardinal.

WOLSEY. Slay *him* ! thou madman—would'st thou kill the King ?
 I counselled not his murder—God forbid !
 'Tis Anne Boleyn who hath proved false to thee,
 And on her head thy vengeance should be spent.
 Free Henry from her thralldom ; let him know
 That she hath oft declared her love for thee ;
 And that she loves him not, but wantonly
 Will yield her to his will to gain a crown.
 Prove this to him and thou wilt cause her death,
 And so have thy revenge.

SIR T. Nay, Cardinal,
 I cannot—will not—harm the Lady Anne.

WOLSEY. Then, fool, begone to France—on your return
 You'll find your Lady Anne, King Henry's Queen.

SIR T. (*moving away*) And you disgraced, proud Cardinal, I
 trow

The day of triumph will be hers, not thine. *Exit, L.*

WOLSEY. Ha, ha ! A woman triumph over me,
 Who have subdued all men—ay, even kings !
 Who hold in this one hand the destinies
 Of England and of Europe—ay, the world !
 The French King Francis, and the Spanish Charles,
 And Henry, the most puissant of them all,
 Do govern Europe and I—govern them—
 I—even I—the Ipswich butcher's son,
 Whom all men scorned until I made them fear.
 First the boy bachelor, the clever scholar,
 And next the gay and jovial parish priest,
 Then tutor to my Lord of Dorset's sons,
 And then the simple tool of Bishop Fox.
 Then Chaplain, Dean and Royal Almoner,
 And next a Bishop and Lord Chancellor,
 And now Archbishop and Lord Cardinal,
 The King's adviser, friend and minister,
 The confidant of Francis and of Charles,
 And last of all the Legate of the Pope.
 The men who spurned me once with scorn and hate

Do fawn upon me now in abject fear.
 Ha! it is sweet to see them on their knees,
 To trample on their greatness, place my foot
 Upon their haughty necks, to hear them plead
 To me for favours I once asked of them;
 To make them fear my frown and court my smiles,
 And see them tremble at an angry word.
 How sweet the wine cup tasteth to my lips,
 Filled with my triumph and my foes' dismay!
 And it is not yet full—one other draught
 Of rich felicity I yet will drink.
 But I must climb another steep ascent
 Ere I can take it; in the papal chair,
 Beneath the mighty Vatican of Rome,
 That cup of nectar only can be quaffed.
 But when Pope Clement dies it shall be mine;
 The old man cannot now have long to live,
 And I have well prepared me for his death.
 Both Charles and Francis promise me their aid,
 And nearly all the Cardinals are mine—
 Bought with good English gold—aha! poor fools,
 They shall repay it when they make me Pope:
Pope—Pope—all-wise, and more—all-powerful,
 The ruler of men's souls throughout the world.
 Grant, blessed Virgin, to thy servant grant
 This one last prayer—that they may make me Pope!
 Thou, Holy Mother, thou at least dost know
 That Wolsey is not what the world believes.
 Then—then—at last I shall be free to work
 All that I would! Then will I cast aside
 All craft and guile, all mean and worthless tools,
 And rule the world with equity and truth.
 I'll purge the leprous church of her disease,
 And make her priests reform their lustful lives.
 I'll raise up seats of learning through the land,
 And send forth holy men throughout the world
 To spread Christ's kingdom. I will raise once more
 The contest 'twixt the Crescent and the Cross.
 Henry hath often talked of Palestine;
 It was his youthful dream to one day lead
 An English army to the Holy Land,
 And free the sacred sepulchre from Satan.
 Francis shall join him and the Emperor Charles,
 And Palestine shall once again be free,

And men shall know that Wolsey did all this—
 Wolsey, the base and low-born butcher's son !
 All so far hath worked well—save one, indeed—
 It likes me not this love for Anne Boleyn :
 It cost me much to thwart the jade before,
 When hot young Percy wished her for a wife,
 And she had thought to share his coronet ;
 But now, forsooth, she plays for higher stakes,
 And having gained the King, would win a crown.
 But I have checked her once, and shall again ;
 'Twere strange, indeed, if out of all my foes,
 Whom I have met and vanquished with such ease,
 I should be foiled by one weak woman's will.

(sudden thunder-clap heard)

Ha ! there's a storm beginning over head.

I must within. (KING HENRY *approaches*) Stay—who comes
 here ? The King !

I'll step aside, and see for what he comes.

Enter KING HENRY—thunderstorm increases.

HENRY. This storm doth mock the conflict in my breast
 That Catherine's angry looks and words have raised.
 I' faith, a woman's jealousy's a fiend
 That men should be not hasty to invoke.
 Would that I could retain her as my Queen,
 And Anne consent to be my ladye-love.
 But 'tis most clear I may not hope for that—
 Naught but a crown will tempt the little witch.
 "Thy lawful Queen, Sire, an thou wilt," she said,
 "But not if thou wouldst spell it with an *a*.
 "Not the most puissant potentate on earth
 "Shall ever say he humbled Anne Boleyn."
 I' faith, I like her none the worse for that.
 But an she must be Queen, poor Kate must go.
 Not even I may have two Queens at once ;
 I must submit to take them one by one.
 And, since no other way will Anne be mine,
 I must compel divorce from Catherine.

*Sudden appearance of HERNE THE HUNTER on the edge of the
 river bank, with a stag's horns on his head, and his right hand
 stretched forth towards the KING ; in his left a rusty chain.*

HENRY. (*starting back*) Avaunt, foul fiend, why hauntest thou
 my path ?

HERNE. I come to keep thee company, good King ;
 'Tis a fit night for fiends and murderers.
 When the fierce flames of hell are in the heart,
 The lurid lightning leaping through the sky,
 And angry thunder crashing overhead,
 Make welcome music. I will stay with thee.

HENRY. Begone, I say, back to thy native hell !

HERNE. Thou hast no power with me, thy evil thoughts,
 And the accursed deeds thou dost commit,
 Make me thy master, so I bid thee hear
 What I have come to tell thee, haughty King.
 The curse of heaven hath rested long on thee,
 And on thy brother's wife. Thou knowest well
 Thy children have been smitten one by one ;
 And of them all one only doth survive,
 To be a curse and scourge upon this realm,
 And live in history as the "Bloody Queen :"
 As thou the Bloody King ! From this day forth
 Thine happiness shall end. Thy lust for blood
 Shall make thine other sinful passions pale.
 Better for Anne Boleyn that she had died
 Before thine eyes beheld her ; better far
 That thou hadst ne'er been born, for thou shalt live
 Accurs'd of all men, and so shalt thou die ;
 And children yet unborn shall learn to hate
 The fierce and cruel King of whose foul deeds
 The scroll of history shall keep full account.

HENRY. God's death ! an thou be mortal this good steel
 Shall stay thy cursed tongue !

*(strikes at HERNE, who sinks into the river, while the
 thunder and lightning increase—the KING starts back
 aghast, with his sword raised)*

Enter WOLSEY.

WOLSEY. What ails thee, Sire ?

HENRY. *(grasping his arm)* Wolsey, what means this ?

WOLSEY. That the powers of hell
 Do threaten thee, so thou must put thy trust
 More strongly in the Church, and in her priests.

(Curtain)

A C T I I.

SCENE.—*Windsor Castle. The Queen's Rooms.*

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT from behind tapestry—he advances toward the bed.

WYAT. Ah! here she sleeps, my dear divinity,
 The goddess whom I worship, beauteous Anne,
 The brightest, sweetest, merriest maid on earth.
 Here she doth rest in slumber's jealous arms.
 I think I see her now lie sleeping there,
 Her bosom heaving like a milk-white sea,
 On which two slumbering cygnets rise and fall,
 Their pretty nest a curl of crispéd gold
 That twines around them softly as they rest
 Half hidden, half disclosed beneath the robe
 That doth conceal too much of that fair form
 I have so fondly loved and longed to clasp.
 And yet methinks it doth disclose enough
 Of her rare charms to blind my dazzled sight:
 Her red lips parted in a dreamy smile;
 The silken fringes of her eyelids closed
 In soft embraces round those lustrous orbs,
 Her laughter-loving eyes, so dark and deep,
 That beam with melting love, or flash with scorn,
 Or sparkle at a merry jest, and look
 Like two rare sapphires set in alabast,
 To deck the forehead of an Eastern queen.
 I seem to see them through the rosy lids,
 And feel their witching power upon me now.
 My fingers tremble too, as when they played,
 But two short months ago at Allington,
 With those long rippling curls of yellow hair,
 The golden aureole around her head—
 A crown more beautiful than goldsmith's art
 Hath ever fashioned for a woman's brow.
 O God! that she were still the elfin child
 That won my boyish admiration first,
 When neither thought of love or jealousy,
 And both were happy all the livelong day.
(leans dejectedly over a chair for a moment, and then suddenly starts up in a listening attitude)

She comes !—I know her footfall on the stair,
 As well as the sweet music of her voice.
 I must remain concealed and wait awhile,
 And watch her ere I do declare myself.

(goes behind tapestry)

Enter ANNE, who goes merrily humming a tune up to her looking-glass and eyes herself approvingly.

ANNE. The Lady Anne looks not amiss to-night :
 King Henry hath some reason for his love.

Enter her tire-woman, EDITH, with MABEL LYNDWOOD her chosen attendant ; they change her heavy masquerade costume for a white dressing-gown trimmed with pink ribbon ; she then seats herself before the glass, and EDITH proceeds to brush out her long golden hair.

ANNE. Come, Mabel Lyndwood, sing that song for me,
 You learned erewhile at Hever for my lute.

MABEL. Mean you the one Sir Thomas Wyat wrote,
 Or my Lord Surrey's pretty canzonet ?

ANNE. The one Sir Thomas wrote did please me most.
 Sing that—but first go call Mark Smeaton here,
 And bid him play it in the ante-room.

Exit MABEL—ANNE twines one of her tresses round her finger.

Edith, dost think these golden locks of mine
 Fit playthings for the fingers of a king ?

EDITH. Her Majesty, Queen Catherine, had not such,
 When she first came from Castile to be wed
 To poor Prince Arthur, though I heard it said
 She was the fairest woman in the world.

ANNE. *(compassionately)* Poor Queen, poor Queen ! A widow
 in six months,
 And then for twenty years King Henry's wife ;
 And now nor wife, nor widow, nor yet queen :
 Her fate is sad and strange ! What will be mine ?

Enter MABEL.

MABEL. Madam, good Master Smeaton, is without.

ANNE. Then bid him play, and sing your song for me.
 Mayhap 'twill set my thoughts to blither tunes.

Song.—MABEL.

Forget not, O forget not this :
 How long ago hath been and is,
 The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,
 The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
 The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the tried intent,
 Of such a truth as I have meant,
 My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet.

Forget not him whom thou hast loved,
 The poet whom thine heart approved,
 Whose stedfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not,
 O, forget not him !
 Forget not him !

ANNE. (*rising from her seat*) Thanks, Mabel ; and good night
 to both of you ;

I will not keep you longer from your rest.

EDITH. (*going out*) Good night, my lady. *Exit.*

MABEL. (*going up to ANNE and kissing her hand*) Why do you
 look sad ?

ANNE. Your song has raised sad memories, dear child.

MABEL. You'll be no longer sad when you are Queen.

Good night, dear lady—may your sleep be sweet,
 And angels watch around your bed. *Exit.*

ANNE. Good night !

(*sitting down again as MABEL goes out*) That pretty child
 doth love me well—I would

I loved the King as truly, for methinks
 A woman should not wed unless she loves
 With all the yearning fondness of her soul—
 As I loved once—till it became a sin——

SIR T. (*coming forward*) Dear Anne, it is no sin: thou art not yet
 King Henry's wife, nor need'st thou ever be.

ANNE. (*looking round in amazement*) Sir Thomas Wyat ! Can
 I trust my eyes ?

What means this outrage ?

SIR T. (*kneeling on one knee*) Nay, forgive me, Anne !

ANNE. My Lady Pembroke, an you please, Sir Thomas !

SIR T. (*springing to his feet*) Ha, yes ! I had forgot—my Lady Pembroke !

King Henry's mistress, and Queen Catherine's maid !

ANNE. (*staggering back, and catching hold of the chair*) Now, by my maidenhood !——

SIR T. (*laughing fiercely*) Thy maidenhood !——

Aha ! thou'rt wise to play the hypocrite.

ANNE. (*stamping her foot*) This is too much ! Begone this instant, sir !

Or I will call the guard, and thou shalt share

The fate that butcher met an hour ago.

The King hath never dared so much as thou,—

To set thy foot within my private room !

He loves me as an honest man should love.

SIR T. He loves thee not one half so much as I—

But I am mad. He would not die for thee.

ANNE. Wouldst thou ?

SIR T. Ay, I would die a hundred deaths

To purchase thee one single hour of bliss.

O, Anne ! hast thou forgot the vows of love

We made when in the woods of Allington,

A happy boy and girl, we played together,

And thou didst call thyself my little wife ?

ANNE. Do not recall those days, those happy days—

They're buried long ago within the grave !

I am betrothèd to King Henry now,

And must forget all else.

SIR T. Nay, break your bonds !

A woman should not wed save where she loves

As you did once. O, hear me, Anne ! I loved

My little playmate in the bygone time,

As boys do love, and know not why or what.

Hadst thou been taken from me then by death

Or hap of fortune, I had wept awhile

The tears that childhood sheds, till some new joy

Doth dry them up and change them into smiles.

But now when love has grown, as I have grown,

To its full stature, strength and potency,

Thou'lt see, if thou should'st now prove false to me,

My very heart-strings break—and happiness

Will be no more on earth for me, or thee.

The King will tire of thee as he hath done

Of Catherine—and, mayhap, divorce thee too.

ANNE. Sir Thomas, I must hear no more of this.

The King loves me too well to tire of me,
And I can trust me to his love—but still,
I pity thee for thy unhappy state.

SIR T. Continue thus to pity me, dear Anne :

The pangs of pity are akin to love.

ANNE. Nay, destiny hath widely parted us.

SIR T. (*fiercely*) It shall not part us, Anne. I swear to thee,
If thou'lt not leave this cursèd place to-night
I will call back thy maids, and send them all
To tell the King that thou art false to him.

ANNE. Madman ! thou durst not brave King Henry's wrath.
He'd hang thee from yon tower, ere morning dawned.

SIR T. (*moodily*) And thou wouldst be beheaded—then at
least

We both should die together. Make thy choice,
Fly hence with me to-night—or die with me.

ANNE. Sir Thomas Wyat, if, as you have said,

You ever loved me, prove it to me now :
Go hence at once, and leave me to my fate.
I cannot—dare not—will not, fly with thee.

SIR T. Then here I stay until the morning dawns
When thou'lt be forced to go with me—to death.

ANNE. This is a gallant way to woo, good sooth !
If thou wilt not depart, then I will go.

(*moves towards door—SIR THOMAS passes before her and
puts up the bar*)

SIR T. (*resolutely*) Nay, when we go, we go together, Anne.

Enter SURREY from behind tapestry—ANNE rushes to him.

ANNE. Lord Surrey ! Heaven be praised !

SURREY. Why—what means this ?

Wyat, the King hath learned that thou art here,
And now is coming to arrest thee—fly !

SIR T. I will not stir unless she comes with me.

SURREY. Why thou art mad, Sir Thomas, to talk thus :
Another moment and 'twill be too late !

SIR T. I am resolved to wait King Henry here.

ANNE. (*going to him and clasping her hands*) O, Wyat, Wyat,
spare me, I entreat !

SURREY. (*drawing his sword*) Sir Thomas, though thou art my
dearest friend,

If thou dost not this instant quit the room,
I'll slay thee as I would an enemy.

SIR T. (*folding his arms*) Strike an thou wilt, I fear not death nor thee.

SURREY. (*raising his sword*) Then die!

ANNE. (*seizing his arm*) No, no, there shall no blood be shed.

Sir Thomas, it were useless now to fly;

We should be overtaken ere we passed

The castle walls. Do thou depart alone;

To-morrow night I'll go with thee to France.

SIR T. (*joyfully*) Wilt swear it, Anne?

ANNE. I swear it—now begone.

HENRY. (*without*) My Lady Pembroke, open instantly!

(SIR THOMAS *seizes her hand and presses it to his lips, then disappears behind tapestry*)

SURREY. Now quick, unbar the door, and trust to me.

HENRY. (*without*) Break down the door!

Exit SURREY behind tapestry—ANNE unbars the door.

Enter the KING, followed by WILL SOMERS and two GUARDS.

ANNE. Your Majesty!

Why this intrusion on my privacy?

HENRY. (*scornfully*) Your privacy, good sooth! I tell thee, madam,

Sir Thomas Wyatt hideth in this room.

ANNE. (*as though astonished*) Sir Thomas Wyatt! He's not here, my liege.

HENRY. (*angrily*) Thou liest, Anne!—I heard his voice. (*to the GUARDS*) Make search

Throughout the room, and bring the traitor forth.

SURREY comes forward.

SURREY. No need to search for traitors, Sire, 'tis I.

HENRY. Lord Surrey, as I live! What make you here?

SURREY. I came to press my cause with Lady Anne.

HENRY. What cause forsooth?

SURREY. That she would plead with thee, To let me wed the Lady Geraldine.

HENRY. Why was this door, then, barred?

SURREY. I fastened it, And swore she should not go until I had Her promise to persuade thee to my suit.

HENRY. Thou art a daring youth. And what say you?

ANNE. That he hath earned the lady of his love.

The brave deserve the fair, your Majesty—
Else had I not consented to be thine.

HENRY. Ay, Anne ! thou art a ready little witch.
 In punishment, Lord Surrey, for this freak,
 Thou'lt take thy lodging in the Curfew Tower
 To meditate a month upon thy folly.

Mayhap thou wilt grow wiser ere that time.

ANNE. Your Majesty, I pray you——

HENRY. (*interrupting her*) I have said.

(*to the GUARDS*) Remove him to the dungeon in the Tower.

SURREY. Adieu, dear Anne. Alas, poor Geraldine !

Exit, followed by GUARDS.

HENRY. I owe thee an apology, sweetheart,
 That I did doubt thy truth and honesty.
 Thou saidst Sir Thomas Wyat was not here——

Enter SIR THOMAS WYAT, L.

WILL. Here is Sir Thomas Wyat, gossip Hal.

SIR T. I heard your Majesty enquired for me.

HENRY. We have a special mission for thee, sir,
 To Francis' Court. Thou wilt set out at dawn,
 And use all haste.

SIR T. (*bowing to the KING*) Perdition ! What means this ?

WILL. That thou hast saved thy head, Sir Thomas Wyat ;
 The Court of France is better than the Tower.

HENRY. Go, bid the Cardinal Wolsey come to me,
 And wait my further bidding in thy room.

Exit SIR THOMAS.

ANNE. Well, Sire, art thou yet satisfied ?

HENRY I' faith !

I must be satisfied, so say no more.

ANNE. (*archly*) Nay, I'll not pardon thee so readily.

HENRY. Then, pretty one, I'll ask it on my knee.

(*kneels on one knee and kisses her hand—WILL SOMERS
 affects to hide his face*)

ANNE. (*laughing*) Henry of England, we do pardon thee.

HENRY. (*rising*) Then seal thy pardon with a royal kiss,
 O, beauteous Queen.

(*puts his arm round her waist and she kisses him—WILL
 SOMERS puts his fool's cap over his face and goes slowly
 to the door, and exit*)

ANNE. Dear Henry, swear to me,
 You never more will show such jealousy.

HENRY. You are too ready with your favours, Anne,
 To our young knights and squires ; and men do say
 To this Sir Thomas Wyat most of all,
 And that thou lovest him.

ANNE.

Sir Thomas Wyat !

I might have done hadst thou not deigned to woo ;
 But when your Majesty cast eyes on me,
 All others vanished as the stars of night
 Before the rising of the god of day.

HENRY. Were I the sun, I'd melt thy obdurate soul.

To yield thee wholly to my love, sweetheart.

ANNE. Bid Wolsey hasten the divorce then, Sire.

HENRY. Ay, I must deal more sternly with these priests.

Enter a PAGE.

PAGE. The Cardinal Wolsey, Sire, craves audience.

HENRY. Retire awhile, dear Anne, within that room.

*Points to dressing room, R.—he kisses her hand—she
 curtsseys and exit.*

Enter WOLSEY, L.

HENRY. Well, Cardinal, for once thou hast made haste.

WOLSEY. I trust I ever do, your Majesty,

In all things wherein I may serve the King.

HENRY. Then why is the divorce so long delayed ?

WOLSEY. The Pope alone hath power to hasten it ;

But I have sought in all that I could make,

To give effect to what your grace desires :

No servant e'er more truly served his lord.

HENRY. No servant e'er more truly served himself ;

And not contented with despoiling us,

Would further intrigue with our enemies.

But have a care, Lord Cardinal !

WOLSEY.

My liege,

I do beseech you think not thus of me !

I ne'er have sought to benefit myself,

Save that I might the better serve the King,

Who raised me from the dust, and gave to me,

With open hand, all that I now possess,

And made me his proud minister and friend.

HENRY. Thou talkest now more like thy former self.

We thought you had forgotten whence you sprang.

WOLSEY. The gifts that foreign princes gave to me,

And all the wealth I have amassed, my liege,

I use to spread thy power and majesty.

HENRY. Marry ! Is that the truth ?

WOLSEY.

To prove it, Sire,

The palace I have built at Hampton Court——

HENRY. Ay ! at a cost our coffers could not bear.

WOLSEY. I spent my gold with free and lavish hand——

(HENRY *nods his head several times disapprovingly*)
To make the palace worthy of a king——

(HENRY *looks up in astonished anger*—WOLSEY *kneels at his feet*)

Deign to accept it at my hands, my liege.

This golden key will give thee seisin on't.

HENRY. (*taking the key*) By holy Mary 'tis a royal gift !

WOLSEY. (*rising with humility*) Say, if in aught else he can serve thee, Sire,
And Wolsey will not fail.

HENRY. Ay, that thou canst :

We sent for thee at this untimely hour,

And in my Lady Pembroke's private room,

To tell thee to despatch Sir Thomas Wyat

On some commission to the Court of France.

He hath our mandate to depart at dawn,

And make all haste—(*pauses and looks up at WOLSEY*)
Why art thou not surprised ?

WOLSEY. No, my dear liege, I knew Sir Thomas Wyat

Conceived a passion for the Lady Anne,

And sought occasion this same night to speak

And warn your Majesty to look to him ;

But Bouchier and that caitiff slanderer

Did turn your royal ear away from me.

I overheard Sir Thomas say he loved—

And I do fear me, Sire, that he hath had

No slight encouragement. The Lady Anne,

Methinks, is not too worthy of thy love.

Enter ANNE BOLEYN, who stands at the door unperceived.

HENRY. Whom dost thou think more worthy, Cardinal ?

WOLSEY. King Francis' sister, Madame Renée, Sire—

A princess, and more fair than Anne Boleyn.

That marriage would secure the aid of France

Against the Emperor, should he attempt

To stop thee from divorcing Catherine ;

And would not be displeasing to the Pope.

But, if thou makest Lady Anne thy Queen,

Thou'lt cause an instant league of all thy foes,

And thine own subjects will abhor the match,

Save they who lean to Luther's heresies.

HENRY. (*haughtily*) Think you my subjects shall dictate to me
 What wife I take—or all the kings on earth?
 What care I if the serpent Charles do hiss,
 Or the fox Francis snarl! As for the Pope,
 If he do not soon sanction our divorce
 We'll find some means to do without his aid.
 I love the Lady Anne, and am resolved
 To make her Queen of England, come what may!

(ANNE smiles triumphantly)

WOLSEY. I grieve to hear it, Sire, she will bring woe—
 Woe to thy realm, and to the Catholic Church.

ANNE. (*coming forward*) And woe to thee, false Cardinal!—I
 swear,
 If the King loves me, as I well believe,
 I will demand of him convincing proof,
 And that proof shall, proud prelate, be—thy head!
 (*Curtain*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Ante-Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter SURREY, R., and GERALDINE, L., meeting.

GERALD. (*joyfully*) What, Harry! Is it really you? Thank God!
 I thought you were still prisoned in the Tower.

SURREY. I was, sweet love, till one short hour ago,
 When Richmond opened my dull prison door.
 My generous friend hath daily sued the King
 To pardon me and grant my liberty;
 And Henry, wearied with his constant prayer,
 This morning gave him leave to set me free.

GERALD. Pray heaven bestow its blessing on his head.
 Hal, I could almost kiss him, were he here.

SURREY. Kiss me instead; I'll give it afterward
 To Lady Mary Howard, she, I know,
 Would gladly change it, and a dozen more,
 With Richmond. Come—or must I take it, sweet?

GERALD. Nay, Harry, not again—you'll spoil the gown
 I have but just put on—how like you it?

SURREY. 'Tis white and billowy as the sea-foam flakes

That clung round Aphrodite when she rose
 From out the depths of ocean long ago.
 And thou, dear Geraldine, dost look as bright
 And twice as lovely as the goddess did,
 All fresh and blushing from her morning bath.
 'Tis good for me methinks that this white robe
 Is less transparent than the sea foam, sweet,
 And doth more jealously conceal thy charms—
 Else had mine eyes been blinded.

GERALD. Nay, dear Hal,
 I would not blind thee, so I'd best begone.

SURREY. (*passing before her*) Stay! Better far be blinded by
 the sun,

And still enjoy the gladsome warmth of it,
 Than suffer cold and darkness when 'tis gone.
 Stay with me, sweet, and blind me, an thou wilt.

GERALD. Nay, Harry, I must go; the Lady Anne
 Bade me attend her in the Council Room,
 Where she sits with the King in state.

SURREY. For what?

GERALD. To give an audience to the Cardinal.

SURREY. Then I had best go too, and thank the King
 That he hath now restored my liberty.

Come, sweet,—but stay! one kiss ere we go hence.

GERALD. (*smiling*) You'll burn your lips, Hal, an you kiss
 the sun. *Exeunt.*

Enter WOLSEY, L., followed by his Jester PATCH.

WOLSEY. Bid my attendants wait without, good Patch.

Exit PATCH.

Enter BOUCHIER, R.

BOUCH. The King commands me say, Lord Cardinal,
 He will give audience to thy news from Rome,
 An't please your lordship to wait here awhile,
 Until the Council Chamber is prepared. *Bows and exit.*

WOLSEY. (*turning impatiently from him*) Methinks I have to
 thank the Lady Anne

For this and other of the King's rebuffs:
 I was not wont to be kept waiting thus.
 But soon, I trust, my power will come again.
 The Pope was dying when my messenger
 Left Rome with the citation to the King;
 And long ere this the Cardinals have met,

And chosen his successor. At this hour,
 I may be Pope of Rome ; and this same day,
 The confirmation of my hopes may come.
 They would despatch a messenger at once ;
 He hath had ample time to reach the coast ;
 This day—this very hour, perchance, he comes !
 My star begins to rise again on high ;
 I feel once more the warm blood in my veins ;
 Once more I live and move—ay, triumph too.
 Methinks the King will be somewhat enraged
 When he shall learn what Clement hath required.
 And when he goes to Rome to plead his cause,
 He little dreams that I may be his judge.
 A king to plead before a butcher's son !
 A monarch born to sovereignty to bow
 Before a peasant born to servitude !
 Yea, even so, proud scoffers, shall it be.
 By my own prowess have I gained my place,
 Through hard-fought fields of diplomatic war.
 By my own intellect have I thus raised
 The low-born peasant to the monarch's throne.
 The man who shapes his Destiny at will,
 Who doth defy Ill-fortune and Defeat,
 Who with unswerving aim works boldly on,
 And never falters in his upward course,
 Methinks is far more fit to rule a world
 Than monarchs born with sceptres in their hands,
 Who proudly condescend to live and reign,
 And take all the gods give, and deem they are
 Well fit to rule their fellow-men, because
 They were begotten by a man who was.

(walks slowly across stage and stops, R.)

Enter DUKES OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY,
 HARRY FITZROY, DUKE OF RICHMOND, *and* LORD SANDS, *the*
Lord Chamberlain, L.

NORFOLK. Now, heaven be praised, there is no longer need
 To bow ourselves before that low-born priest !

SANDS. See ye, my lords, he looketh sour enough

To turn a cup of sack to vinegar. *Exeunt, R., laughing.*

WOLSEY. *(clenching his hand)* I'll make you bend your haughty
 heads ere long !

And some of ye, like stiff-necked Buckingham,
 May never lift them more. I'll back again,

And summon all my train—the King shall see
No humble supplicant before his throne.

Exit, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Council Chamber.*

HENRY *seated on throne beneath a canopy emblazoned with the royal arms woven with gold*; ANNE BOLEYN *seated on his left hand, with LADY FITZGERALD and other LADIES in attendance upon her*; *at foot of throne WILL SOMERS, and NOBLES in attendance on the KING*; HALBERDIERS, GUARDS, and PAGES *right and left.*

Enter WOLSEY, clad all in red, preceded by his PURSUIVANT-AT-ARMS, carrying a huge mace of silver-gilt; two GENTLEMEN with white staves; two PRIESTS carrying two large silver crosses; a NOBLEMAN carrying the Cardinal's hat on a purple velvet cushion; then, following WOLSEY, six PAGES in handsome dresses—the PURSUIVANT passes to the left of the throne, the OTHERS divide right and left, leaving WOLSEY standing before the throne, with roll of parchment in his hand; he bows low; HENRY motions him to rise.

HENRY. You sought an audience to present to us
Some message from the Pope. What have you there?

WOLSEY. 'Tis a citation to your Majesty
To appear at Rome before his Holiness,
And plead the cause of your divorce, or pay
Ten thousand ducats, as a penalty.

*(HENRY seizes the parchment, dashing it to the ground,
and placing his heel upon it)*

HENRY. Am I a King, or lackey of the Pope,
That he insults me thus, and bids me go,
And plead before his footstool? By St. George!
This is the answer thou shalt make to him:
That Henry, King of England, doth command,
And not obey, Pope, Prince, or Emperor;
Throughout this land we only are supreme;
And from this hour whatever man shall dare
To publish aught that contravenes our will,
From Pope or priest, in England—he shall die!

WOLSEY. My liege, I would that Cæsar be supreme
In all things that are Cæsar's, but that God
Should rule in all things that pertain to Him—
And God's vicegerent is the Pope of Rome.
In all things temporal none dare dispute

Thy sovereign will, but spiritual things
 Are in the hands of the Eternal Spirit—
 And His vicegerent is the Pope of Rome ;
 As such he bound thee to thy wife and Queen,
 And none but he hath power to bind and loose.

HENRY. Ha ! say'st thou so ? By heaven then we will try
 To cut the Gordian knot that none may loose
 Save he who tied it. Marry ! shall the Pope
 Make me his menial ? Surrey, take you word
 To that young schoolman, Cranmer, whom they sent
 To me from Oxford yesternight, and say
 We do command his presence here forthwith.
 The youth, they tell me, hath a plan proposed
 That would dispense with Pope and Cardinals.

Exit SURREY

ANNE. Methinks, my liege, this dread and mighty Pope
 Might well have told thee sooner of his will,
 And not have sent Campeggio from Rome
 To hear thy suit with this proud prelate here,
 And afterward declare they could do nought,
 But thou must go to Rome to plead thy cause.
 It seems all done a purpose to my eyes,
 And that thy creature there hath fooled with thee.

WOLSEY. Nay, Lady Anne, you do me grievous wrong !

HENRY. I do bethink me she is right, thou knave.

Enter SURREY, followed by CRANMER.

Thou hast been speedy. Hast thou brought the youth ?
 (CRANMER *advances and kneels on one knee*)
 Art thou the man who counselled that the cause
 Of our divorce had been more wisely laid
 Before the schoolmen than the Cardinals ?

CRAN. I did, my liege, in all humility,
 Say somewhat on this matter, I confess ;
 I trust your Majesty will pardon me
 If I offended aught in what I said.

HENRY. In this free land all men, I trow, are free
 To think as they may list, and so to speak—
 If there be nought of treason in their thoughts.

CRAN. 'T would ill become me, in the presence here
 Of these most noble and most learned men,
 That I should speak my humble thoughts, my liege,
 Save that I have your Majesty's command.
 I therefore will declare what I set forth

In Oxford, when the scholars did dispute
 Upon your Majesty's divorce—I said,
 Were I the King I would no longer wait
 For Pope or Cardinal to set me free,
 But place my cause before the learned men,
 In universities and colleges,
 Throughout the whole of Europe ; for by them—
 All deeply versed in what the fathers teach,
 And well-accustomed by the light they shed
 To read the Holy Scriptures, and to know
 The things God hath revealèd in his Word,
 And deeply skilled in all theology—
 By them it shall be speedily declared
 If thou, my liege, couldst wed thy brother's wife,
 And still be guiltless in the sight of heaven,
 By special dispensation of the Pope.
 I nowhere find it in the Holy Book
 That Popes can set aside the Word of God.

ANNE. Good youth, thou speakest like a man of sense,
 And put'st to shame all crafty Cardinals.
 My liege, is not his counsel excellent?
 Dost thou not think 'twere wise to follow it?

(HENRY rests his head on his hands as though in thought)

WOLSEY. (*aside*) Now, an I thwart her not, she'll triumph yet.
 I crave your Majesty for leave to speak
 On this most subtle argument.

HENRY. Say on.

WOLSEY. (*turning for a moment contemptuously to CRANMER*) This
 forward youth, (who hath presumed to speak
 So boldly of the Pope and Cardinals)
 Like all hot-headed striplings, deems he hath
 More wit and wisdom than his grandsires all.
 He were, indeed, a sorry counsellor
 For thee, my liege, so great a potentate,
 Defender of the Faith from heretics,
 And wisest son of Holy Mother Church.
 Thou wouldst not deign to bow thy crownèd head
 To universities and colleges,
 And all the learned men that they contain,
 When thou art wiser than the best of them.
 And if thou wouldst humiliate thyself,
 And let them sit in judgment on thy cause,
 What aid in thy divorce couldst thou obtain
 From all the learned men in Christendom?

Should they declare her not thy lawful wife,
 No learned men could change a Pope's decree,
 Or give thee a divorce from Catherine.
 The Pope, alone, hath power to set thee free.
 Nor would the Emperor dare dispute his will,
 If, when his father's sister be divorced,
 You take a fitting princess for your wife ;
 But should Queen Catherine be degraded thus
 That her own maid may take her place and crown,
 Then Charles in his just rage will raise a league
 Of all thy foes, and will invade this land,
 And bring the horrors of a bloody war
 On all thy peaceful subjects in the realm,
 And place thy throne and life in jeopardy.
 I do implore your Majesty to pause
 Ere thou dost take a step so perilous.

ANNE. (*hastily*) Methinks, my liege—if I may dare to speak
 In presence of this dread Lord Cardinal—
 Methinks that when a peasant seeks a wife
 He doth not go for counsel to his friends,
 Nor stay to ask his master of his wish :
 He hath the maid's good-will, and needs no more.
 But kings, forsooth, must ask their brother kings
 Whom they may marry, and the Pope of Rome ;
 And—strangest thing of all—their minister,
 The very creature they themselves have made,
 Presumes to say, "Thou shalt do this or that,"
 And, "thou must marry as it pleaseth me."
 My liege, though others should submit to this,
 I trow the royal Henry doth not so ;
 He will not let his subjects longer doubt
 If Wolsey rules in England, or the King.

HENRY. Who told thee, sweetheart, that they doubted so ?

ANNE. These noble lords can tell your Majesty
 Far more of Wolsey's treasons than can I.
 But this I know, had any one of them
 Done half so much of mischief as he hath,
 They would long since have lost their heads for it.
 My Lord of Norfolk can avouch for that.

NORFOLK. Ay, that I can, my liege. Poor Buckingham
 Lost his for far less treason than this priest
 Hath o'er and o'er again been guilty of.

SUFFOLK. Ay, I have heard it said his chief offence
 Was when he held the basin for your grace,

And afterward, when this presumptuous priest
 Dipped his plebeian hands into the bowl,
 The Duke, disdaining to debase himself,
 Upset the basin o'er the Cardinal,
 And shed the dirty water in his shoes.
 My lord, in much astonishment and rage,
 Was heard to say he'd sit upon his skirts.

WOLSEY. My Lord of Suffolk, haughty Buckingham
 Was not the only man to feel the wrath
 Of his offended King. His Majesty
 Knows well thy treason and hath pardoned it ;
 But thou at least shouldst keep a silent tongue,
 And not charge others with thine own offence.
 My Lord of Norfolk too should recollect
 It was his sire condemned false Buckingham.
 And all these rancorous lords who carp at me
 Were wiser pondering on their own misdeeds.
 My gracious liege, my King, to whom I owe
 All that I have, or am, or hope to be
 In this cold cruel world, to thee I turn
 From the vain babblings of these envious men,
 As turns the sunflower to the god of day,
 (From whom it draws its lustre and its life)
 When the chill frosts of night have blighted it.
 Thou canst remove the tarnish from my fame,
 Thou canst dispel these mists that hem me round,
 And would destroy me with their fetid breath.
 It needs but that thy royal lips should speak.
 Say, O, my liege, that thou know'st him too well,
 To ever think that Wolsey played thee false.

HENRY. What are the charges that ye make, my lords,
 Against the Cardinal ?

NORFOLK. First, then, my liege,
 That, for his own advancement and repute,
 And contrary to thy prerogative,
 He hath, by means unlawful, brought the Pope,
 To nominate him legate for his life ;
 And having gained this end he hath abused
 His delegated power. He hath suppressed
 Religious houses, and made confiscate
 Their lands and wealth to his own private use.

SUFFOLK. He also, with the King of France, hath made
 A treaty for the Pope, of his own will,
 Without the sanction of your Majesty,
 Whom he hath not so much as named therein.

ROCH. And when ambassador in France, he sent
 Sir Gregory de Casalis to make
 A treaty with Ferrara's royal Duke,
 Without your Grace's warrant or command.

SANDS. The said Lord Cardinal hath also used
 His legatine authority for gain.
 Since, if a spiritual person died
 Possessed of substance, he did take his goods
 To add to his own store—an easy way
 Of making friends with Mammon, by my troth.

NORFOLK. The said Lord Cardinal hath also used
 That all ambassadors came first to him,
 And that all letters brought from over sea
 Were taken straightway to his custody ;
 So that your Highness and your counsellors
 Knew only what it pleased him to disclose.

SUFFOLK. The said Lord Cardinal hath also used
 The Court of Chancery to set at naught
 The common law of England, and your Grace,
 And hath adjudged the causes as he pleased.

ROCH. The Cardinal hath also stamped his hat
 Upon your Grace's coin of the groat —
 A thing the like of which hath not been done
 By any subject in this realm before.

SANDS. The said Lord Cardinal hath also had
 A most ingenious method of supply :—
 When he hath wanted cattle, corn, or fish,
 Or other such like thing, he chose the best
 That he could lay his hands on, and bestowed
 His benediction on the owner on't.

NORFOLK. And finally, your Majesty, he hath,
 Of his high, orgullous and grasping mind,
 And to your Grace's sore imblemishment,
 Defrauded your true subjects, and oppressed,
 With manifold extortions, rich and poor.
 Long time he hath, by his outrageous pride,
 O'ershadowed with his pomp and potency
 Your Majesty, and all your faithful Court.
 He hath subverted by unjust decrees
 The laws of this thy realm, and bought and sold
 High offices, and taken frequent bribes
 From foreign princes to betray his trust ;
 And from the suitors in his Court to give
 Unrighteous judgment. By his countless deeds
 Of peculation, cruelty, and pride,

Deceit, presumption, treachery and lust,
 He hath made all true subjects in this realm
 To hate the name of Wolsey, and to cry
 To thee, their King, to rid them of the man
 Who hath so foully used both thee and them.

ANNE. And if, my liege, you need still further proof,
 Look on this letter which the Cardinal
 Sent secretly to Rome, and which begins
 In all humility and courteousness :

“ *Ego et meus Rex*—I and the King,
 Give you our hearty thanks for your despatch.”

WOLSEY. (*aside*) My letter writ to Gardiner in Rome !

How came the witch by that—I am undone.

Alas ! I fear me all is lost indeed.

But nay—not all—I have one weapon still
 With which to thwart these foes who seek my life.
 If I am chosen Pope I shall be saved.

(*aloud*) You have learned Latin to some purpose, madam,
 I pray you say in what 'tis wrongly writ.

ANNE. (*angrily*) Thy Latin, sirrah, may be right or wrong,
 But thy presumption needs no argument.

HENRY. (*reading the letter*) Ha ! what is this ? “ *I pray thee
 do not fail*

“ *To make petition to his Holiness,
 “ To give no sanction to the King's divorce
 “ Till he shall banish Anne Boleyn from Court.
 “ He must not wed that crafty, scheming jade,
 “ Or grievous evil will befall this realm.*”

Now, by my father's head, Lord Cardinal,
 Thou shalt reap thy reward for this deceit !
 We long have felt thy growing insolence,
 And oft have heard our subjects' just complaints ;
 Our royal favour freely shown to thee
 For former services thou hast abused ;
 Thy pride and thy ambition thou hast fed
 Until thou deemest we ourself thy tool.
 But thou shalt feel our power and punishment,
 Since all our bounty hath so ill availed—
 We banish thee our Court, and confiscate
 Thine ill-got riches, and thine offices,
 And do command thee to proceed to York,
 And there confine thee to thy bishopric.

WOLSEY. I pray your Majesty to hear me speak,
 Ere you condemn me. Give me but one hour,

And I will prove these cruel accusations
Are falsely told thee by mine enemies.

ANNE. Thou hast deceived the King with lies too long ;
Thy reign is over, and thy power for ill.

WOLSEY. Thou hast deceived the King to do me ill.
My liege, I do beseech thee, let me speak.

HENRY. Nay, get you gone to York, and we will look
More closely into these misdeeds of thine,
And signify our pleasure to you further—
Though we do know that many are most true.

WOLSEY. My liege——

HENRY. (*interrupting him*) Nay, speak not, for we will not hear.

WOLSEY. (*turning away and sighing deeply*) Then all indeed is
lost.

Enter MESSENGER.

Stay, who comes here ?
My messenger from Rome—I triumph yet.
(*staggers to him and grasps his arm*)

Speak man—art dumb ? What tidings of the Pope ?

MESSENGER. Ten days ago he rapidly grew worse,
And then——

WOLSEY. (*interrupting him*) And then he died.

ALL. Died ! Died ! The Pope ?

MESSENGER. He did not die, my lord—he rallied then,
And speedily regained his health and strength.

WOLSEY. (*half dazed*) Not die ! not die ! He did not die, thou
say'st ?

Then I am lost indeed—and all my dreams
Must end in nothingness, defeat and death.

Not die—and Wolsey is not Pope—*Pope—Pope.*

(*staggers back, and is caught by PATCH and SURREY who
support him*)

HENRY. Well, sweetheart, have I satisfied thee now ?

ANNE. My liege, I pity him, but his disgrace
Alone could save me from his enmity.

WOLSEY. (*faintly*) O God, that it should come to this at last !
Foiled, by a woman ! ere the cup was full !
Aha ! See—see—the shadow of yon axe—
Tis at thy foot—ere long 'twill reach thy head—
Dost hear me, woman ?—it will reach thy head. (*falls back*)

(*Curtain*)

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Sitting Room at Kimbolton.*

QUEEN CATHERINE'S DREAM.

CATHERINE *discovered propped up with pillows in an old high-backed arm chair*; LADY WILLOUGHBY *kneeling on footstool with her arms round CATHERINE*; two HANDMAIDENS, *in black, standing near the door.*

CATH. Dear Lady Willoughby, my faithful friend,
Who hath, through good and ill, clung to me close,
Just heaven will render thee thy recompense,
Since nought but thanks are left for me to give.

LADY W. The Holy Mother bless thee, my dear Queen.
Love needs no more reward than love can give.

CATH. Dear Marie, see this letter I have writ
To my dear lord, the King. When I am dead
Take it to Windsor, and deliver it
With thine own hand to Henry. To his care
I have committed Mary, my poor child.
Do thou protect her too; and most beware
That none do tamper with her holy faith.

LADY W. While I do live I will watch over her.

CATH. Thanks, dearest Marie, thanks! now I can rest
At peace with all the world. Ay, e'en with her
Who hath robbed me of all I valued most—
My throne, my husband, and mine honest name:
She'll pay a bitter price for them 'ere long,
When I am dead and gone.

LADY W. Oh, talk not thus!
Thou art not dying yet.

CATH. Yea, Marie, yea.

This morn the holy oil was pourèd out
On my grey head—and now I wait for death.

(LADY WILLOUGHBY *covers her face*)

Nay, do not weep. In heaven I shall find rest.
Leave me awhile alone with mine own thoughts;
And in an hour come back, and sit with me,
Until the Virgin Mother calls me home.

*Exit LADY WILLOUGHBY, beckoning silently to the
HANDMAIDENS, who follow her—CATHERINE closes her
eyes and leans back—after a few moments her lips are
seen to move.*

CATH. Henry—my husband—stern and cruel lord—
 Though I am dying will not come to me.
 My father. Oh! canst thou behold me now—
 Unhappy—fallen—dying here alone?
 I would I ne'er had left my happy home—
 Though Arthur, my young husband, loves me well.
 Castile, Castile, thy warm and cloudless skies
 Are o'er me once again. My mother's voice—
 Hark! She is singing to her child once more.

*(smiles as though in an ecstasy—a guitar heard gradually
 drawing nearer and becoming louder—a female voice
 heard singing the following)*

*Song—"The Spanish Mother to her Sleeping Child."
 (to be sung in Spanish)*

Sleep, my child, thy mother watches.
 Sleep upon her breast.
 Sleep—good angels guard thy slumbers.
 Sleep, and take thy rest.
 Sleep, my nursling, sleep.

*(at conclusion of the song CATHERINE repeats the refrain
 softly twice—enter through wall, c., a tall female figure
 dressed in white, with Spanish head dress surmounted
 by a crown, and carrying a guitar—it advances
 noiselessly to CATHERINE and passes its hand twice over
 her head which slowly turns towards wall, c.—figure
 then retires—stops half-way and gazes a moment at
 CATHERINE, then slowly passes through wall, c., and
 exit—the following Tableaux then gradually become
 visible in succession on the wall:—*

- 1.—ANNE BOLEYN kneeling at the block, and the EXECUTIONER standing over her.
- 2.—JANE SEYMOUR lying dead, and a NURSE holding the young INFANT, EDWARD VI, at foot of bed.
- 3.—HENRY turning in disgust from ANNE OF CLEVES.
- 4.—The Execution of CATHERINE HOWARD.
- 5.—HENRY's dead body lying in state and CATHERINE PARR standing in widow's weeds by his bedside.

*(until conclusion of the Tableaux CATHERINE's eyes are
 fixed on the wall—as the last disappears, she rises to
 her feet and holds out her hands to heaven)*

CATH. O, Holy Mother, take me to thyself!—
I am avengèd on mine enemies.

(falls to the ground and dies)

Enter LADY WILLOUGHBY, who casts herself weeping on the body.

(a Red Curtain lowered to represent the Ante-room in Scene Second; as it falls a choir of BOYS and GIRLS sing the following, and continue it to the end after the Curtain has fallen)

*“Song of the Banished Minstrel.”**

BOYS. The sun is rolling westward in his majesty and might,

GIRLS. And soon he will depart from us and pass into the night.

BOYS. On wingèd hours and noiseless feet Time doth too swiftly
fly,—

GIRLS. So short is life, and mortal men so soon grow old and die.

BOYS. The minstrel, who hath often sung thy praises all the day,
Hath bade us sing this song to thee since he is far away.

GIRLS. He dare not cast his eyes across the bleak and barren space
That doth so far divide him from thy dear desired face.

BOYS. He longs for wings to bear him up that he might fly to
thee :

GIRLS. For life is joyless since that face he can no longer see,

BOYS. No longer look upon those locks of soft and crispèd gold,

GIRLS. Or those dark eyes which, of his heart, were wont the
keys to hold ;

BOYS. Before whose glances, warmed with love and pity, fled
away,

His darkest pangs of cloudy thoughts, as flies the night from
day ;

GIRLS. No longer listen to thy voice, so musical and sweet ;

BOYS. No longer hear thy lightsome laugh, that made his joys
complete.

BOTH. Ah! lady on thy golden throne, thou heedest not his pain.
And yet he hopes, ere that he dies, to see thee once again.

He bade this song fly forth to find the bright and blessed
place,

Where she doth dwell whom all men love that look upon her
face,

To tell her that he comes once more that beauteous face to see ;
And should his body fall and die, his soul to her shall flee.

* Compiled from lines of Sir THOMAS WYAT. W. S. R.

SCENE SECOND.—*Windsor Castle. An Ante-chamber.*

Enter LADY GERALDINE, followed by LADY JANE SEYMOUR, each holding a mask in her hand.

JANE. Ah! Geraldine, was that not heavenly?

Surely, 'twas angel voices that I heard?

GERALD. (*turning round to her*) Tut, child! Romance and folly fill thy head.

'Twas but the school children from old St. Paul's.

JANE. What did they sing?

GERALD. Some verses to the Queen,
Writ by the banishèd Sir Thomas Wyatt.

JANE. 'Tis said the Queen hath ceased to love him now.

GERALD. Love whom?

JANE. Sir Thomas Wyatt. Know you not
That handsome Henry Norreys loves the Queen?
Her cousin, Francis Weston too, and she
Doth make them both most mad with jealousy.

GERALD. Shame, child, to talk thus lightly of the Queen.
She loves the King, her husband, and none else——
Save as she may, withouten sin or guile,
Bestow her favours on all gallant knights.

JANE. See—here she comes, with both of them in train,
And Lady Rochford, too, her brother's wife,—
But lately come to Court—and yet 'tis said
She hath cast eyes already on the King.

GERALD. Why, Jane, thy head seems filled with slanderous tales.
Shame on thee, for a wanton malapert!

JANE. I speak the truth, my Lady Geraldine—
At least I but repeat what others say.
Thou needst not call ill names, and cry, 'For shame;'
The shame is theirs that do such shameful deeds.

GERALD. 'Tis easy to cry shame on shameful deeds;
But they who cry it should themselves be pure.
Thou art much too familiar with the King—
If thou dost love thy maidenhood, beware!

JANE. Oh, chide me not, dear Geraldine—look, look!
They come this way again. Now step aside,
And see for thine own self if it be true
That Norreys and Sir Francis love the Queen.

GERALD. What, play the listener! Not I indeed.
Thou art a wanton wicked little jade.
Who lessoned thee to use thy prying eyes
And itching ears to feed thy sland'rous tongue?

Go, get thee ready for the masquers' ball,
And try and dance the mischief out of thee. *Exit JANE, L.*

GERALD. My Lady Rochford's always with the Queen.

I like her not. 'Tis she, I warrant me,
Hath filled Jane's pretty head with wickedness—
But surely 'tis not true she tempts the King?
Poor Rochford! when thou gavest her thy love,
And bound thy true and loyal soul to hers,
Thou little thoughtest, in thy guilelessness,
The fairest face may hide the falsest heart.

Exit, L.

Enter LADY ROCHFORD, R.

LADY R. This very night methinks I'll strike the blow
That shall remove the Queen from off that throne
She is so little fit to occupy.

And when 'tis vacant, maybe I myself
May have some prospect of ascending it,
If Rochford do but share his sister's fate.
King Henry is already tired of Anne,
And still is longing for a son and heir;
Should he divorce her too, 'tis very sure,
He'll quickly take another wife and queen—
And why not Lady Rochford? Yes, methinks,
Her face and form are fairer than the Queen's—
At least if I may trust my looking-glass—
And Henry loves a woman that is fair,
And not too prudish. He hath often shown
A liking for my pleasant company;
And if the game continues to the end,
I may myself turn up the Queen of Hearts:
And hearts are trumps with Henry any way.
This night I'll put his passions to the test.

Exit, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Grand Ball Room, with curtained recess,
L. and R.*

MASQUERS *seen promenading along corridor beyond (with double doors, c., opening into second ball room)—Grand Ballet of MASQUERS.*

Enter JANE SEYMOUR, with mask in one hand and portrait in the other, goes to recess, L., and seats herself; enter ANNE with LADY ROCHFORD, WESTON, and NORREYS, all masked.

ANNE. (*giving fan laughingly to WESTON*) There, 'squire, keep that for me a little while.

WESTON. (*rapturously*) I'll never part with it, save with my life!
(NORREYS *removes his mask*)

ANNE. Thou foolish boy! Why, Norreys, what ails thee?

Thou look'st as black as thunder-clouds at dusk.

NORREYS. When through one cloud the moon sheds all her rays,
'Tis little wonder that the rest look black.

ANNE. (*laughing and taking the bouquet from her breast*) Then
here's a token for thee, too, sir knight.

NORREYS. (*kissing the flowers*) One other favour, bright and
beauteous Queen!

To make thy sweet gift sweeter still to me.

ANNE. Why, what else, Norreys, wouldst thou ask of me?

NORREYS. That I may kiss the hand that gave the gift.

(*kneels on one knee and kisses her hand passionately—*

SIR FRANCIS WESTON *half draws his sword*)

ANNE. (*reprovingly*) Young sir, you grow too forward, I perceive.
(NORREYS *rises*)

WESTON. (*drawing his sword*) Let me chastise him for his insolence.

NORREYS. (*looking at him scornfully*) You! Jackanapes?

WESTON. Yes, I—defend yourself!

ANNE. Sir Francis Weston, surely thou art mad!

Put up thy sword and leave our presence—quick!

Dost thou not know 'tis treason thus to draw

Before thy Queen? Go, get thee to thy room.

Exit WESTON.

Sir Henry Norreys, I do greatly fear

I have too much indulged you foolish boys.

All brave and gallant knights should love their Queen—

But only as all loyal subjects may.

I hear 'tis said you look for dead men's shoes,

And think to wed me if aught ail the King!

What put such foolish notions in thy head?

I could undo thee an I would, thou know'st,

But I will not betray thee to my lord.

Nor my good sister Rochford, wilt thou?

LADY R. (*smiling*) No.

I' faith! 'tis small concern of mine, dear Queen.

ANNE. (*to NORREYS*) Come, lead my Lady Rochford to the dance,
And let me caution thee be more discreet.

*Exeunt NORREYS and LADY ROCHFORD, who pass into
second room, c.*

ANNE. (*crossing to recess, R., and perceiving JANE SEYMOUR*) Ha,
Jane! I did not know that thou wert here.

What's that thou'rt gazing on so lovingly?

JANE. A picture of my father, gracious madam.

ANNE. (*taking it*) Let me look at it. Ha! What's this I see?
Thou callest this thy father, dost thou, girl?
Who gave thee this?

JANE. Madam, I cannot say.

ANNE. Tell me this instant, Jane, or I will find
Some means to force you. Say—who gave it thee?

JANE. His majesty the King—as you did give
Yours to Sir Henry Norreys yesternight.
Your Majesty can surely think no harm.
The King did but repay me for a kiss
He snatched from me awhile since in the dance:
He took me for your Majesty, no doubt.

ANNE. More likely for some forward dancing girl.
Go send the Lady Geraldine to me;
And for the future be more maidenly,
Lest I have cause to banish thee the Court. *Exit JANE.*

ANNE. Dead Catherine's vengeance doth begin to work:
I fear me I am losing Henry's love.
God knows I have been a true wife to him,
Though I have never loved him as I did
Poor Percy, ere that hateful Cardinal,
And his stern cruel father parted us.

Enter SIR THOMAS, who removes his mask.

ANNE. Ha, good Sir Thomas, welcome to the Court.
Methought you had long since deserted us.
Wilt tread a measure with me in the dance—
Or shall I stay and hear thee tell the news?
Methinks 'tis not the pleasantest you bring.
You look as grave as Norreys did erewhile.

SIR T. It is of him I wish to speak with thee,
And for this only have I left my home.
I thought to come no more to Windsor Castle,
Since here you made and brake your oath to me.

ANNE. The oath you forced from me was not an oath:
A vow is binding only when 'tis free.

SIR T. Thou hadst no wish to keep thy promise, then?

ANNE. Why talk of it? Thou know'st 'tis folly now,
When each of us is wedded to another.
It is not this thou cam'st to tell me of—
Let me know all at once of good or ill.

SIR T. I have no news save what thou know'st already;
I only came to caution thee. Dear Anne,

If ever you felt aught of love for me,
 I do by that fond memory entreat
 You will be more discreet and prudent now.
 Nay, turn not from me—for thy good I speak.
 An ill-report is rumoured far and wide—
 Since in my peaceful home I heard of it.

ANNE. And what is this report you heard of me?

SIR T. That the young gallants of the Court do seek
 To gain thy love as though the King were dead;
 And 'tis affirmed they have encouragement.
 Tell me, I pray you, madam, it is false.

ANNE. (*petulantly*) Am I to be again compelled by you,
 As when you forced me to accept your love
 At peril of my life from Henry's wrath.
 Go back again, if 'tis for this you came.
 You took a base advantage of me once,
 And now you dare to come and lecture me.
 I have a sweet remembrance of thy love.
 I tell thee, get you gone. I hate thee now.

SIR T. O God! I little thought to hear thee speak
 Such words as these, whom I so madly loved.

ANNE. (*going up to him*) Nay, Wyat, nay—forgive me—I was
 wrong. (*turns away as though weeping*)

I did not mean indeed to hurt thee so.
 Nay, weep not, dear Sir Thomas, I was wrong.
 Let me not call forth tears from thy brave heart.
 Heaven knows I loved thee, Wyat, but too well.
 Ay! God forgive me, and I love thee still.

WYAT. (*turning round and kissing her hand*) Heaven bless thee
 for those words! but why, oh, why
 Didst thou then break thy solemn oath to me,
 And wed the King?

ANNE. Know'st thou not why, good sooth?
 Think you the King would not have slain us both
 Had I broke faith with him and wedded thee?

WYAT. Why didst thou ever listen to his love?

ANNE. Ah, Wyat! thou know'st not a woman's heart.
 'Twas jealousy and hope of mad revenge,
 That made me steel my soul, and yield to him.
 'Twas not the crown alone that tempted me.

SIR T. 'Revenge and jealousy!' 'gainst whom, forsooth?

ANNE. Hast thou forgot poor Percy, whom I loved
 With all the passion of a girl's first love?—

Nay, be not angry, I have loved thee too,
 And thou didst never leave me as did he
 In meek submission to his father's will—
 Or rather to that man I hated more,
 With deepest hatred till I humbled him :
 'Twas Cardinal Wolsey, proud and crafty priest,
 Who robbed me of my lover—from that hour
 I vowed I would have vengeance on them both ;
 And when the King did hint of love to me,
 I thought not of him then, nor aught save this :
 That Percy might see me (whom he forsook
 As worthy not to share his coronet)
 With England's golden crown upon my brow ;
 And that proud Wolsey who had thwarted me,
 Should bow in meek submission at my throne,
 And tremble lest I should repay his scorn.
 And thou, Sir Thomas, thou wouldst ask me why
 I took not refuge in thy generous love—
 Ah ! would to heaven I had, but my poor heart,
 Torn with love, hate, and jealousy at once,
 Had no room then for aught else save revenge.
 For that poor comfort what an awful price
 I paid the Evil One who tempted me !—
 Thy priceless love, and my life's happiness.
 Dost wonder now, Sir Thomas, that I seem
 So gay and thoughtless in this giddy Court ?
 'Tis all my effort now to banish thought ;
 I laugh and jest because I would not weep.
 But wrong me not by thinking ill of me.
 Stay thou but near me, and I will dismiss
 The gay and gallant youths who laugh with me,
 And help me to forget. Say, wilt thou not ?
 SIR T. Nay, Anne, forgive me, but I dare not stay.
 I could not trust myself so near to thee.
 This very night I must return to her
 Whom I have sworn to cherish in thy stead.

Enter LADY ROCHFORD unnoticed—she glides into recess, L., and watches them.

ANNE. No, no ! Thou shalt not leave me. Oh, my God,
 What bliss might have been mine ! Stay, Wyatt, stay !
 SIR T. Nay, sweet, I dare not. Did King Henry know
 That I were here this night, it might go ill

With both of us, and most of all with thee.

I must be gone at once—farewell! farewell!

ANNE. Go, if thou must then—quick, I hear a step.

Nay kiss me once—my lips at least are mine.

(they embrace)

WYAT. Farewell! farewell! dear Anne! God pity thee,
And make thee happy yet!

ANNE. Farewell!—farewell!

Exit WYAT.

(ANNE stands as though stupefied a moment, then falls to the ground in a passion of weeping—then, springing up)

ANNE. He shall not go!—the only soul on earth
That really loves me—I will fetch him back!

Exit, followed by LADY ROCHFORD.

Enter HENRY and JANE SEYMOUR, the latter masked.

HENRY. Remove thy mask, fair maid, we are alone.

JANE. *(removing it, and looking archly in his face)* Ah, Sire!
but envious eyes are all around,

And envious tongues already speak me ill.

HENRY. What say they of thee, sweet?

JANE. That I love thee,
And that thou shew'st some favour unto me.

HENRY. And does my pretty Jane not love her King?

JANE. *(archly)* Ay, as a 'maid of honour' may, my liege.

HENRY. *(laughing)* Aha! you little jade, you're like the rest,
And will have all or none. So Anne did say,
When poor Kate was my Queen. Well, be it so.
When Anne is dead thou too shalt be a queen.
Come, kiss me, sweet, and speak no more of it;
I trow thou'rt young enough to wait awhile.

Enter SIR HENRY NORREYS, unperceived, who retires again in a moment.

JANE. *(kissing the KING)* My Lady Rochford bade me tell thee,
Sire,

This afternoon she heard the Queen declare,
Before her presence to Sir Henry Norreys,
He looked for dead men's shoes, and sought to wed
Her Majesty when thou, my liege, wert dead;
But promised him she would tell nought to thee,
And bade my Lady Rochford do the same.

HENRY. *(angrily)* Ha! did she so? By heaven she shall repent

Her trait'rous words and murderous intent.
 She is all compact of ingratitude !
 My wedded wife to count upon my death !
 I'll seek the Lady Rochford. Stay—go thou
 And bid her join me in yon ante-room. *Exit JANE.*
 Anne soon shall find she hath o'erreached herself,
 And placed at length a weapon in my hand
 To part us, which I shall not fail to use,
 Since it is clear that she hath played me false :
 Instead of seeing Norreys in my shoes,
 She'll put fair Mistress Seymour in her own !
(Curtain of Ante-room lowered)

SCENE THIRD.—*Ante-room (as before).*

Enter JANE SEYMOUR and LADY ROCHFORD.

JANE. Dear Lady Rochford, on this interview
 Hang both our destinies. If thou shouldst fail,
 Thou—if not both of us—wilt lose thy head !
 But if thou shouldst succeed, the Queen must fall—
 And leave an empty throne for one of us :
(aside) Aha ! methinks I know for which of us. *Exit.*
 LADY R. For one—but not for thee, thou little minx ;
 I have not risked so much for thy behoof !

Enter HENRY.

HENRY. We have been told by Mistress Seymour, madam,
 What you reported to her you had heard,
 Between Sir Henry Norreys and the Queen.
 Know you aught else that will complete the tale ?
 LADY R. Alas, my liege ! I know too much I fear,
 Of thy false wife and most disloyal Queen.
 HENRY. *(angrily)* How madam ! do you dare speak thus of her,
 Whom we have raised to share our bed and throne ?
 LADY R. 'Tis for that reason that I do condemn
 More strongly, Sire, the Queen's disloyalty.
 A woman who had been exalted thus
 To share the marriage-bed and royal throne
 Of such a king as thou, before whose face
 The world doth bend in wonder and in awe ;
 Whose presence is so god-like and whose form
 Might make Apollo envious ; methinks,
 That any woman who had been thus blessed
 Should love her lord with all her heart and soul.

And not to do so were the greater sin,
So much ingratitude were mingled in't.

HENRY. You speak with reason, madam, certainly.

Relate what further thou mayst have to tell.

LADY R. Sir Thomas Wyatt hath been here to-night,
Upon a secret visit to the Queen.
I saw her in his arms ; I heard her say
He should not leave her.

HENRY. Ha ! and what said he ?

LADY R. When she entreated him to stay with her,
He answered that he dare not, for if thou
Shouldst learn that he was there, it would go ill
With both of them, and most of all with her.
And then they parted with a long embrace,
She saying that her lips at least were hers ;
And he, not loth to act upon the hint,
Pressed on her cheek and lips kiss after kiss.
When he had gone the Queen seemed much distressed,
And followed him to bring him back again ;
And then I sought occasion, my dear liege,
To tell thee of her base disloyalty.

HENRY. Women are all false-hearted ; the whole sex
Would prove as faithless, an they were but tried.

LADY R. Nay, my dear liege, when once a woman feels
Her whole soul kindled with the fire of love,
It burns within her breast for evermore,
And he she loves is peerless in her eyes.

HENRY. It ne'er hath been our lot, we grieve to say,
To inspire such love in any woman's breast.
Not even Catherine loved me with such warmth.

LADY R. Queen Catherine was not of thy race, my liege ;
Had it but been my lot to win the love
Of such a god-like king, my very soul
Had worshipped him until my dying day.

HENRY. Unhappily thy husband hath deprived
Our royal self of such felicity ;
We fear we must remain in ignorance
Of such devoted love.

LADY R. My husband, Sire,
Hath lost my love by proving false to thee.
An he should lose his head 'twere his desert.

HENRY. How, madam ! What new scandal clips thy tongue ?

LADY R. Dost thou not know, Sire, that Sir Thomas Wyatt,
Sir Henry Norreys, and Sir Francis Weston,
Are all my foolish husband's bosom friends,

And with his knowledge and consent all three
Have sought to make the Queen untrue to thee.

HENRY. Thou hast forgotten, madam, that the Queen
Is Rochford's sister.

LADY R. Would I could, my liege !
Or rather, would that I had never wed
The faithless brother of thy faithless Queen !
But when they both have suffered that just death
Their shameless sin so richly hath deserved,
Both thou and I, my liege, will then be free—
Free both to love and to be loved again,
With all the passion that twin souls can love.

HENRY. Ay, madam, and when thy release shall come—
Do thou seek out a husband to thy taste. *Exit.*

LADY R. (*clasping her hands*) Lost ! lost ! O fool, to hazard on
one cast

My life and honour ! And for what ? To share
The throne of such a monster as the King.
To think that I should have been such a fool
As to suppose that Henry cared for me,
While he could kiss the pretty baby-face
Of such a silly chit as that young girl,
Whom I believed to be my helpless tool,
Whilst I was hers ! May all the fiends of Hate
Torment her as they now do torture me !

Enter JANE SEYMOUR.

JANE. Dear Lady Rochford, let me wish you joy ;
We have succeeded far beyond our hopes.
The King hath ordered Suffolk to arrest
The Queen, thy husband, and Sir Thomas Wyat,
And Henry Norreys, and convey them all
To London and secure them in the Tower.

LADY R. So far then, girl, our triumph is complete.
Go thou and spread the news.

JANE. I'll go at once—
But thought thou wouldst be pleased to hear it first. *Exit.*

LADY R. I feel I shall go mad. O, fool ! fool ! fool !

*Enter CAPTAIN BOUCHIER and two HALBERDIERS—LADY
ROCHFORD stares at them vacantly.*

BOUCH. I do arrest thee at the King's command.

LADY R. (*laughing hysterically*) Aha ! arrest me ! Art thou
drunk or blind ?

I am the Lady Rochford—not the Queen.

BOUCH. The Duke of Suffolk hath arrested her.

His Majesty bade me to hasten here

And take thee, madam, to attend the Queen.

LADY R. (*clenching her hand*) This is thy doing, Mistress Jane,
no doubt.

The lioness is taken in the toils,

And the young jackal feasts upon her prey.

Go, sir, I follow, since the King commands.

*Exit BOUCHIER, followed by LADY ROCHFORD and the
HALBERDIERS.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Ball Room, as before. Small table with
pens and ink, L. C.; HENRY walking up and down.*

*Enter the Secretary AUDLEY, with a parchment—HENRY looks at
him enquiringly.*

AUDLEY. Thy warrant of committal to the Tower.

HENRY. (*advancing to table and seating himself*) Ay, bring it
here, good Audley, bring it here.

(*takes up pen to sign—AUDLEY places the parchment*)

*Enter along corridor at back two HALBERDIERS, followed by SIR
THOMAS WYAT, SIR HENRY NORREYS, and LORD ROCHFORD,
with HALBERDIERS between each—then the DUKE OF SUFFOLK
leading by the hand ANNE BOLEYN, followed by four GUARDS.*

ANNE. (*rushing forward and kneeling at the KING's feet*) O,
Henry, spare me—on my knees I swear
I never played thee false. (HENRY looks up hesitatingly) I
call on heaven

To witness that I have been true to thee.

HENRY. Peace, sweetheart, all shall yet go well with thee.

(*CATHERINE's spirit suddenly appears, clothed in white, and
crowned with a golden crown*)

HENRY. Ha! Heaven hath answered thee indeed. (*signs*)

ANNE. The Queen! (*sinks to the ground*)

(*AUDLEY and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK stoop over her to
raise her up—the spirit vanishes*)

HENRY. Here is thy warrant, Audley, take her hence!
(*Curtain.*)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.—*Gates of Leicester Abbey. Time—Evening.*

Enter Two MONKS.

1ST MONK. What think you I have learned, good brother John ?
The Cardinal Wolsey comes to-day from York,
Where, 'tis reported, Earl Northumberland,
By order of the King, arrested him.

2ND MONK. I heard some mention of it, brother Paul,
And 'tis a warning to ambitious men,
That they who serve a king must needs beware
They have no will in anything but his.
I hear it was the Cardinal's chief offence
That he did not procure the Queen's divorce
From Holy Father Pope.

1ST MONK. I blame him not
For such offending. Anne's a heretic,
And follows Luther, that apostate monk,
Who hath defied both Pope and Emperor ;
And, not contented with those lighter loves,
The Church allows to holy celebrates,
Hath ta'en a perjured nun to be his wife,
And doth disturb the whole of Christendom.

2ND MONK. Were I the Pope I'd have him burned alive,
And Anne Boleyn should share his funeral pyre.

1ST MONK. But Lady Anne is Queen, good brother John,
So prithee watch thy tongue, for walls have ears.

2ND MONK. Hast thou not heard then of the jade's arrest ?

1ST MONK. No, by my beard, where didst thou learn the news ?

2ND MONK. Of brother Gilbert, who returned last night
From London. He reported that the King
Believed the Lady Anne had played him false,
And it was said she'd be condemn'd to death.
Wert thou not in the Abbey when he came ?
Methought I saw thee listening with the rest.

1ST MONK. Nay, brother John, I was abroad last night,
Shriving a peasant girl, who came to me
In grievous trouble. Her poor soul was sad,
And she besought me stay and comfort her.
'Twas late when I returned ; and since the dawn,
I have been i' the chapel on my knees—
Save when the body craved some sustenance—
And so I heard not of the Queen's arrest.

'Tis joyful news indeed, should Henry wed
Some honest Catholic, like Queen Catherine,
And swear once more allegiance to the Pope.
God save the King from evil heretics !

Enter the ABBOT, with other MONKS.

ABBOT. Good brothers, have ye now prepared within
All proper comfort for the Cardinal ?

'Tis well nigh time the poor old man were here.
Hark ! hear ye not the tinkle of a bell ?

1ST MONK. 'Tis he. That bell is on his favourite mule.
See there he comes, round by the wooden cross.

ABBOT. He is dismounting at the hostel door.

Go, brother Paul, and bring the old man here.

He hath but few attendants with him now
Who once had lords and barons in his train.

Too great ambition was his chiefest sin,
But none can say he ruled the kingdom ill,
Though he hath taxed the people overmuch,
And dealt somewhat too hardly with the Church.

The Virgin grant there come not in his place
A lean and hungry officer to bite

Still nearer to the bone than Wolsey did.

See, here he comes. How pale and wan he looks ;
How changed from what he was twelve months ago !

When nobles bowed before him he was proud
And haughtier than the haughtiest, but now
Ill fortune and disgrace have broke him down.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY leaning on BROTHER PAUL and his
Jester PATCH, and followed by six ATTENDANTS.*

WOLSEY. Good father Abbot, to this sacred refuge,
Homeless and friendless, I have come to die.
Give me a little earth for charity
Wherein to lay my bones.

ABBOT. Lord Cardinal,
A brother welcomes thee to rest and peace,
And Holy Mother Church shall comfort thee.
Christ welcomes most those whom his creatures scorn,
And pours his sweetest balm in broken hearts.

WOLSEY. I thank thee, Abbot, for those blessed words.
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
With which I served my King he would not now,
In my grey hairs, have left me comfortless.

ABBOT. Be not cast down, Lord Cardinal, mayhap
The King will yet recall thee to his side.

WOLSEY. Nay, father, nay ; I have no wish to take
Upon my wearied shoulders once again
The burden of my former potency ;
I have no strength to stand beneath it now.
Power, place and pelf have lost their part in me
Ambition moves me not ; my heart is dead
To all—save pardon, penitence and prayer :
I long for rest, good father, rest and peace—
God grant me both in heaven, though well I know
I merit rather torment and despair.
Ha ! who comes here ? A messenger from Court ?
His Majesty hath sent to pardon me.
Methought my liege would need his servant soon,
Who hath so long borne all the toil and pain
Of government, and left him but the sweets :
I marvel he hath toiled alone so long.

Enter KINGSTON.

Ha ! Kingston, is it thou ? What saith my liege—
My gracious lord and master ?

KINGSTON. Good my lord,
His Majesty hath bade me bring this ring,
And tell thee to take heart, and keep good cheer ;
And all may yet be well.

WOLSEY. Said Henry so ?
I am beholden greatly to thee, sir,
For thy good tidings which deserve of me
One half a kingdom, but thou seest now
I have nought left save these poor clothes I wear.
And therefore cannot pay thee as I would.
Stay—this small golden chain and crucifix
Is little worth, save that it doth enclose,
A portion of the veritable cross.
Mayhap an old man's blessing will not fail
To go with it, and eall from heaven itself
A recompense that shall repay thee well.

KINGSTON. I thank thee, Cardinal, and pray thee keep
Good patience, for I trust to see thee yet
In better state than thou hast held before.
What shall I speak his Majesty for thee ?

WOLSEY. Tell him that Wolsey waits his sovereign will,
As he hath ever done, and thanks him much
For his encouragement and gracious words,

But that I fear me they have come too late.
 O, would he ne'er had ceased to smile on me !
 His dread displeasure hath dried up my strength.
 I am but like a withered drooping flower,
 Whereon the sun no longer sheds his rays,
 And the cold, cruel winds make sport of it,
 And tear it from its bed, and cast it forth,
 Upon the unpitying highway of the world,
 Where very swine may tread it under foot.
 But I will cease to murmur 'gainst the King,
 Who hath so graciously remembered me.
 He is a prince of royal carriage, sir,
 And hath a princely heart that will not take
 Denial of his will—ay, though it cost
 One half his crown to purchase his desire.
 In vain I have kneeled often at his feet,
 And prayed him turn his mind from this or that
 That he hath purposed, and must needs perform.
 Take heed, good Mr. Kingston, what you put
 In jest or earnest in our monarch's head,
 For thou canst never put it out again.
 I would I had some worthy gift to send,
 But nought is left me now—stay ! here is Patch,
 Mine honest fool, thou shalt take him with thee.
 He's worth a thousand pounds to any king,
 Or nobleman, for his disport. Good Patch,
 Wilt thou go to the King, and live at Court,
 And make thy fortune like the rest of them
 That minister to kings ?

PATCH. Nay, Cardinal.

The King I trow hath fools enough to feed.
 I'll stay with thee till one of us be dead,
 And food for worms that have no niceties,
 But feed on fools as on philosophers.

WOLSEY. Nay, Patch, good honest Patch, thou must go hence.
 I would not die and leave thee masterless.

PATCH. Nay, my good master, Patch will leave thee not,
 Whate'er of ill may chance to thee or him.
 When thou art dead 'twere ample time enough
 To seek another master, but till then
 I will not leave thee for an emperor :
 I am no rat to flee a falling house.

WOLSEY. Fool, this is folly. Thou must go at once.

PATCH. If folly, then 'tis meetest for a fool.

O, good my master, send me not away.

Thou hast been ever kind to me till now ;
I pray thee let me serve thee to the end.

WOLSEY. But thou canst serve me more, good Patch, at Court.
When thou hast pleased the King with thy conceits,
And on his royal countenance there comes
A kindly look, do thou remind his Grace
Of me, who sent thee to him as the last,
Ay, and the best and dearest thing I had.

(PATCH *kneels and kisses his hand*—WOLSEY *turns to his*
SERVANTS)

And you, most trusty gentlemen, go ye
With Mr. Kingston to his Majesty.
I do lament I did not, when I might,
Do more for you, and now my power is gone
To pay you aught for your true services ;
I will commend you to the King, good sirs,
And trust he will be pleased to prosper you.

Exeunt SERVANTS, *bowing, followed by the* MONKS.

All now are gone of that once lordly train
That ministered to Wolsey's pomp and power.
But one of all my followers is left—
This faithful fool. May heaven reward thee, Patch,
For thine unselfishness and honesty.
Good Kingston, take him hence, and tell the King
I send him all that now is left to me.

Exeunt KINGSTON *leading* PATCH, *who after snatching*
WOLSEY's *hand and kissing it, goes with him sorrowfully.*

Enter MONKS, *with torches.*

Ill fortune can no further fret me now ;
I've drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs.
Ay, Abbot, weep. I need thy sympathy.
I have shed all my tears long since, and now
Mine eyeballs are dried up. The very earth
Must feel for one so broken and forlorn.
Look ! No pure planet will my sadness see ;
The very torches drop black tears for me.*
Lead me within, good Abbot, here I'll stay
Till death change earth's dark night to heaven's bright day.
Exit, leaning on the ABBOT.

* Storer's *Life of Wolsey*.

SCENE SECOND.—*Forest near Windsor Castle. Time—Morning.*

Enter HENRY, followed by WILL SOMERS and FORESTERS in hunting costume.

HENRY. (*seating himself on a fallen tree*) Sing me a song, good fool—a merry one,

For I would fain be merry, an I could.

WILL. Prithee, good gossip, what wouldst have me sing?

Of woman's love—or man's inconstancy—

Or——

HENRY. Stay thy tongue. Canst sing a hunting song,

To rouse in me the spirit of the chase?

WILL. Nay, Sire, Diana is too chaste for me :

She ne'er inspired so frail a devotee.

But this young lusty forester, mayhap,

Can sing thee such a song.

1ST FORESTER.

I'll try, my liege. (*sings*)

"Song of the Huntsmen."

"Bold huntsmen, come forth"—hark ! tis now the cry.

'Tis a soft west wind and a cloudy sky ;

And a stag is browsing on yonder hill,

Where the scent lies low, while the breeze is still.

The whimpering hounds at their leashes strain,

And the prancing steeds chafe against the rein :

As we cry—as we cry,

And the hills reply,

"'Tis a hunting day, and the stag must die."

The dewdrops are hanging from leaf and bough,

And gleaming like gems round a monarch's brow,

While the smiling sun, through his sable shroud,

Greets the skylark singing beneath the cloud ;

The heatherbells ring round the foxes' lair,

And the startled stag sniffs the tainted air,

As we cry—as we cry,

And the hills reply,

"Tis a hunting day, and the stag must die."

Lord Ronald has mounted his steed at last,

And his roystering train to the courtyard haste ;

The fair Lady Flora is mounting, too,

With the aid of her lover, the gay Sir Hugh,

Who presses a kiss on her jewelled hand,

And vows she's the fairest in all the land,

As we cry—as we cry,
And the hills reply,
“’Tis a hunting day, and the stag must die.”

To horse and away, for the chase is up,
And the last drop drained from the stirrup cup ;
The stag is speeding o’er hill and dale,
And the flying hounds are across the vale.
Hark forward ! away ! while the wind sweeps by,
And the cheek glows red, and the pulse beats high,

As we cry—as we cry,
And the hills reply,—
“’Tis a hunting day, and the stag must die.”

WILL. Well, gossip Hal, what think you of his song ?

HENRY. Why, ’tis a stirring strain. Here, give him this.
(throws him a purse)

(aside) But it hath failed to rouse my heavy soul.
Go tether up your steeds ; we’ll rest awhile,
And break our fast ’ere we renew the chase.

Exeunt FORESTERS.

(to WILL) Fool, it will take a louder throat than his
To stir my spirit now. When I shall hear
A cannon thunder from yon Tower Hill,
Mayhap I shall feel merrier ; for then
I shall be free from one who loved me not,
And free to wed a maid who dotes on me,
And is as fair and gentle as a fawn.
Dost thou not think so, fool ?

WILL. Ay, gossip, ay,
Fair as a serpent ’ere it shows its fangs,
And gentle as a cockatrice—asleep.

HENRY. Tush, fool ! I have no fear of Mistress Jane ;
No fang or sting of hers can frighten me. *Exit.*

WILL. Thou know’st a way to silence them, ’tis true,—
Without her head, what can a woman do ? *Exit.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Room in the Tower, doors L. and R.—The
Morning of the Execution.*

MRS. COUSINS *discovered seated on wooden bench, L., knitting ;
door L. unlocked by GAOLER, admitting GERALDINE, dressed in
black.*

GERALD. ’Tis said, good dame, that the sweet Lady Anne
Will die to-day. Know you if it be true ?

MRS. COUSINS. (*rising*) Too true, poor soul, she'll see no sunrise more.

GERALD. Is she asleep within.

MRS. C. No, lady, no.

She rose at dawn and hath been on her knees,

In prayer and fasting, since the day began.

GERALD. Ah! here she comes; but, oh, how sadly changed!

Enter ANNE BOLEYN, R., in black dress with white cape falling from her neck, and followed by four HANDMAIDENS dressed in black.

ANNE. Methought I heard a gentle voice I knew.

Mayhap I did but dream. Who art thou, girl?

Another spy sent by mine enemies,

To wrest my words and urge me to confess?

'Tis all in vain, I have naught to confess.

Go tell my foes to let me die in peace.

GERALD. My Queen, my royal mistress, Anne, 'tis I—

Thy loving Geraldine. I am no spy.

ANNE. Ah, Geraldine! what have I not endured

Since last I looked on that fair face of thine.

I have been torn from my poor prattling babe,

And prisoned in this dungeon. I am charged

With crimes my soul hath shuddered but to hear

Were laid against me. Oh, my grey-haired sire,

Will die of shame, and my poor mother too!*

I have been questioned, watched, and threatened oft,

And tortured first with hope and then with fear,

So that I know not what to dread the most.

My false accusers and mine enemies

Were made my judges. And I was condemned

Without the smallest proof of mine offence.

May heaven forgive them for their cruelty.

O, my sweet brother! They have killed him too;

And Henry Norreys and my cousin Weston,

Gay thoughtless youths who loved me, it is true,

But had no thought of ill in what they did.

GERALD. They all refused, though life was promised them

If they would make confession of thy guilt;

Save thy poor coward minstrel, whom they racked

Until he cried that thou hadst sinned with him.

ANNE. May the poor wretch find pardon for his sin

In laying on his soul so base a lie.

* Her step-mother.—W. S. R.

GERALD. Brave Henry Norreys alway hath declared
Thine innocence, and boldly went to death,
As though 'twere but a gay and merry joust,
Or knightly tournament, awaited him.
And next his heart he wore the handkerchief
That thou didst give him once to deck his lance.

ANNE. O, God ! it was a cruel murderous deed.

Enter MARGARET LEE, L.

MARGARET. Your Majesty, my brother is set free,
And comes to say farewell ere he return
To Allington. Shall I admit him ?

ANNE. Yes.

Enter SIR THOMAS, L., ANNE gives him her hand to kiss.

Sir Thomas Wyat, I do much rejoice
That thou art not to share the cruel death
My other friends have suffered in my cause.
Thou wilt return to Allington in peace,
And with thy wife and child be happy yet.
I pray thee kiss thy baby boy for me.

SIR T. Alas, alas ! how foully thou art wronged !

ANNE. Nay, leave it all to God, He knows the truth,
And none but He hath power to aid me now.
Farewell, Sir Thomas Wyat, fare thee well ;
Ere evening comes I hope to be in heaven.

SIR T. (*kissing her hand passionately and bursting into tears*)
God grant that I may one day meet thee there.

Exit hastily.

ANNE. (*sternly to MRS. COUSINS*) Thou'lt tell the King I sent his
boy a kiss.

O, Geraldine, canst thou not tell me aught
Of mine own child ?—my poor Elizabeth.
Will they not let me see her, ere I die ?
I had a dream last night that thou and I——
No, 'twas not thou ; 'twas gentle Margaret Lee.

(*MISTRESS LEE advances, and taking her hand, kneels at
her feet*)

I dreamed we were at Hever once again,
My happy childhood's home, where all my days—
Were one unbroken course of joy and peace.
The birds sang gaily in the rustling trees,
And the soft balmy air blew in my face,
Sweet with the rifled perfumes of the flowers.
And suddenly there stood before mine eyes

A white robed figure, with a face that looked
Like my dead mother's, and it smiled on me,
And said to me, "Take comfort, for thy child
Shall live and reign, and be a mighty queen,
Who shall make England glorious." Then I rose,
To clasp her in mine arms: but she was gone;
And I awoke within these prison walls.

O, could I but be sure those words were true,
And heaven had sent the vision, I could die,
Dear Geraldine, at peace with all the world!
But stay, there is one burden still on me.

Wilt thou perform one kindness for me more,
When I am dead and gone, sweet Geraldine?

GERALD. Tell me thy wish, and whatsoe'er it be,
I will perform it, Anne, despite the King.
Now he hath taken Surrey from mine arms,
And forced him to espouse another wife,
I care but little though he take my life,—
Since he hath left me nought worth living for.

ANNE. Hear then my last request, and let me bind
It on your soul, before the God of heaven,
And all the holy angels round his throne;
And as thou shalt make answer to me there:
I charge thee go to Hunsdon, where the King
Hath placed the Lady Mary, Catherine's child;
And on thy knees ask pardon, in my name,
For any wrong I may have done to her.
I fear I have not loved her as I ought,
Since Henry put me in her mother's place.

GERALD. Fear not, I will perform thy bidding, Anne,
Though Lady Mary is no friend of mine;
She is too fond of fasts and penances,
And, to my thinking, hath too sharp a tongue.
But I will ask her pardon, an thou wilt,
For aught in which she hath a fancied wrong.

*(bell tolled without—GERALDINE and MARGARET cover
their faces)*

ANNE. Nay, do not fear for me. I know full well
The meaning of that sound, but am prepared.

*Enter CRANMER; he stops on the threshold until the GAOLER
retires.*

Ha! good my lord Archbishop, art thou come
To tell me that the hour of death is near?

CRAN. Alas, dear Queen, it hath already struck!

I have besought the King to spare thy life ;
 And he did promise, an it could be proved
 That thou wast pledged to Percy before him,
 He would content himself with a divorce,
 And spare thy life ; and therefore did I yield,
 And yesternight declared thy marriage void.

ANNE. Thou didst ! O God ! And what of my poor child ?
 I hold her honour dearer than my life.

O Cranmer, Cranmer, hast thou thus repaid
 All I have done for thee ? This is indeed
 The bitterest stroke of all. My child ! My child !
 Thy shame is worse a thousand times than death !

CRAN. I trusted that the King would spare thy life,
 An he were but left free to wed again.
 Reproach me, madam, an thou wilt—'tis true
 That I have sacrificed thy child for nought.
 Alas ! how oft when I have sought to do
 What seemèd good to me, I have done ill.

ANNE. Nay, do not grieve. I thank thee, good my lord,
 For all thy kind intent. I leave my child
 In heaven's keeping. Should my dream come true,
 She'll not be much prevented by thine act.
 I do forgive thee, think no more of it.
 Do thou watch over her when I am gone.

CRAN. Your Majesty may count on me for that.
 She shall be my chief care. But of thyself—
 Is there aught on thy soul that it would make
 Thy dying moments easier to disclose ?

ANNE. Nought, good my lord, save what I told thee of,
 Ere thou didst give the blessed sacrament
 To feed my fasting spirit yesternight.
 But I would crave thy blessing ere I die. (*kneels*)

CRAN. (*extending his hands*) May God the Father bless thee,
 gentle Anne ;

And Christ receive thee in His loving arms,
 And give thee strength in this dread hour of death !
 May God the Holy Spirit comfort thee,
 And love and joy unspeakable be thine,
 Among the mansions of the blest in heaven !
 Almighty Father, make the painful road
 That this thy servant hath to tread to-day
 A passage to the pleasant paths of peace,
 That Christ hath long prepared in Paradise.

ANNE. (*rising and gazing upwards*) O Death, thou hast no sting
 nor terror now !

Enter SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, followed by the EXECUTIONER and four HALBERDIERS—they stand silently by the door.

ANNE. (*removing chain of pearls from her neck*) My loving Geraldine, do thou take this,
 To keep my memory green when I am gone.
 Not that thou needest it ; I know full well
 Thou wilt not soon forget. Dear Margaret,
 Take thou this little book I long have used
 For my devotions ; may it be to thee
 As full of comfort as it hath to me.
 For ye, dear gentlewomen, I have brought
 These simple tokens. Keep them for my sake,
 And pardon me if in an angry hour
 I have said aught to pain you. Stay ye here,
 And on your knees pray for my passing soul ;
 The Lady Geraldine and Mistress Lee
 Will tend me to the scaffold. Fare ye well !

(EXECUTIONER *advances with handkerchief to bind her eyes—she throws it down*)

Nay, nay, I'll not go blindfold to the block.
 Think you a queen should fear to look on death
 Who hath lost all for which a woman lives—
 Her husband's love, her honour, and her child ?
 No, I will meet him with a smiling face ;
 And bid him take me in his ghastly arms,
 And bear me to that silent shadow world
 Where dead souls sleep in dreamless solitude.
 Nay, do not weep. See—'tis a little neck ;
 I'll not be long a dying, and they say,
 The headsman hath a strong and well-skilled hand,
 And will not fail to do his duty well.—
 Good night, dear Geraldine, when morning dawns,
 You'll bring my child to me—good night—good night.

Exit, preceded by the EXECUTIONER, and followed by LADY GERALDINE and MARGARET LEE, SIR WILLIAM KINGSTON, and the four HALBERDIERS—the HAND-MAIDENS fall weeping to the ground—after a short interval, cannon fired without.

Enter LADY GERALDINE and MARGARET LEE, weeping, followed by CRANMER.

CRAN. (*pointing solemnly upwards*) She who was here, erewhile
 a Queen on earth,
 Is now a Queen in heaven !

Curtain.

Epilogue and Dedication.

“GREAT LADY of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus’ lamp, throughout the world doth shine ;”
Thus did the gentle poet, Spenser, write
Of “Good Queen Bess,” the mightiest of her line.
And thus, beloved Queen, all poets now
May thine unbounded influence avow :
Thy long and prosperous reign, as all confess,
With that of thine exalted ancestress,
May well compare. Be it my happy lot
To do what abler bards as yet have not :
To shew, howe’er might Gloriana shine,
Her radiance finds a counterpart in thine ;
The dream that cheered Queen Anne Boleyn in death,
Fulfilled in thee, as in Elizabeth ;
And Englishmen the same boast making yet,
That on thy realms the sun has never set.
First then, thyself—how much more blest art thou,
With thy chaste matron’s chaplet on thy brow,
And thine own children’s children round thy throne,
Than Gloriana, childless and alone !
Hard, cold, unlovely, and unloved was she,
Grown old and withered like a barren tree.
She died in sad and solitary state,
When called to share the universal fate,
With no fond children’s faces round her bed,
No loving arm to raise her sinking head,
No loving hand to close her glazing eyes,
No loving voice to say, “Thou shalt arise,”
No son to shed those tears upon her tomb,
Which sanctify a mother’s last, long home !
On this sad scene the curtain slowly falls,
And brighter visions rise in Clio’s halls :
A brilliant band of famous heroes comes,
With blaze of trumpets and loud roll of drums ;
Statesmen and soldiers, sailors on the sea,
Whose names illumine the scroll of chivalry.
See at their head the subtle Burleigh stride,
With astute Walsingham close at his side,
Both men of mighty minds and wondrous great
In those strange arts wherewith men rule a State :
And next to them there comes a dark-browed man,
Who walks alone, as though beneath some ban
For deeds of evil ; on his scowling face

The awful mark of Cain men plainly trace,
 And as he passes with defiant stride
 Murmur against the murderer of his bride,
 Who stained his hands with blood, and sold his soul,
 But to become Elizabeth's Court fool.
 And next to him, behold another dupe
 Of mad ambition, and intemperate hope,
 Who sought to make the "Virgin Queen," his wife,
 And failing, paid the forfeit with his life.
 He lost the contest and then lost his head,
 Like they who Atalanta sought to wed.
 Behind these soldiers of misfortune, see
 The famous sailors that kept England free
 From that "invincible" and haughty foe,
 Who came to fill the land with blood and woe ;
 Found conquerors where they had looked for slaves,
 And sunk like Pharoah's host beneath the waves :
 First Howard Effingham, and in his wake,
 Hawkins and Frobisher and fearless Drake.
 No bard can tell what Britain owes to ye,
 Whose arms made England mistress of the sea.
 Now close behind these mightier men of deeds,
 A second band a single harp precedes,
 Which makes less noise and flourish in men's ears,
 But breathes therein the music of the spheres :
 Soothing with strains divine the listening throng,
 Apollo plays before the "Sons of Song."
 First of them all, by virtue of their years,
 A trio of illustrious bards appears,
 A single year between the age of each,—
 Three friends whom Slander hath not dared impeach.
 Mark in the centre of the trio, him
 Whose cloak, with no vain thought or idle whim,
 My humble Muse hath chosen to assume,
 Not in the hope to gain a borrowed plume,
 But glad to hide its own unhonoured name
 Beneath a kinsman's of undying fame—
 Sir Walter Raleigh, poet, statesman, wit,
 Soldier or sailor as the Fates permit ;
 But nobler far than Fortune's feeble slave,
 The man who dared her enmity to brave ;
 Who, when from his high place his foes had hurled,
 Sat down to write a "History of the World ;"
 Who did not quail, e'en at the approach of Death,
 But jesting with him in his latest breath,
 Took up his axe, and said, "Though sharp, 'tis sure,—
 Of every earthly ill a certain cure."

(He proudly sang the glories of his Queen,
 Thine ancestress Elizabeth—I ween,
 His lowly kinsman may as proudly now
 The greater glories of *his* Queen avow :
 For humble though thy poet-laureate seem,
 He'll be forgotten in his nobler theme.)
 Right of his gen'rous friend and patron, see
 A bard of more voluptuous minstrelsy—
 Spenser, the Muse's bright prolific child,
 Who in the groves of Poesie ran wild,
 And lost himself in Fancy's boundless realms,
 Whose vastness oft a poet's mind o'erwhelms ;
 But with the aid of an old Roman bard
 Fought on his upward way to his reward.
 Upon the left, Sir Philip Sidney, see—
 The noblest soul of all the noble three—
 Of whom exultant Fame will ever sing,
 Around the field of Zutphen hovering,
 And pointing where the wounded leader lay,
 With burning lips, from which he put away,
 In charity as god-like as 'tis rare,
 The cup his men had brought, and bade them bear
 The water to a dying soldier near,
 Whose comrades bore him slowly to the rear.
 These were his words :—" His need is worse than mine."
 Let men and devils mark the deed divine !
 None nobler on this earth hath e'er been done,
 Save by the God of Heaven's own God-like Son,
 One nobler record only God can shew :—
 " Father, forgive ; they know not what they do."
 O mark it well ye who to Mammon bow,
 For god-like deeds are seldom thought of now !
 What, save low cunning in acquiring pelf,
 Can men display whose only god is Self ;
 Who, drunk with the Circean-wine of Peace,
 Grope in the mud for gain like guttering geese ?
 Next in this pageant of immortals sec—
 The incarnation of all poetry,
 Great William Shakespeare, monarch of the pen,
 The grandest genius of the race of men,
 Who though but lowly born and humbly bred,
 And with small store of learning in his head,
 Hath left more words of wisdom in his plays
 Than all men else have uttered since his days.
 The hearts and thoughts of men both high and low,
 This wondrous bard seemed equally to know,

And could with ease put in the mouth of each,
 Whate'er the rank or sex, appropriate speech—
 From Cleopatra in her golden car
 To Hostess Quickly at her tavern bar;
 From princely Cæsar in his pride of power
 To clownish Dogberry, dressed, for one brief hour,
 In such authority as fools can keep
 When wiser men are silent—or asleep.
 Iago, too (with soul of blacker shade
 Than the dark skin of the poor dupe he made—
 The Moor Othello), sprang from the same brain
 As that immortal Prince, Hamlet the Dane,
 Than whom a nobler soul, in any age
 No poet hath portrayed upon his page.
 And of the gentler sex what maids more sweet
 Than Portia, Beatrice or Juliette,
 Wronged Desdemona, sad Ophelia,
 Fair Rosalind or true Cordelia?
 The wicked ones he has depicted too,
 As witness surly Katherine the Shrew,
 And she who in a mad and evil mood
 Urged her ambitious lord to deeds of blood.
 Thus each and all, the good and bad alike,
 Shakspeare hath drawn and made them act and speak,
 As best befits the characters they bear,
 And best the author's purpose shall declare.
 But stranger still, this man of marvel seemed
 To see the worlds of which his fellows dreamed;
 The heart of witch and fiend to understand;
 And know the mystic tongue of fairy land;
 Nay, even dared to peer beyond the gloom
 That hides the silent horrors of the tomb.
 He was indeed a giant among men,
 Whose like we shall not look upon again.
 His comrade next behold—of endless fame,
 Since "rare Ben Jonson" long hath been his name.
 Of what his wondrous talent did consist,
 It matters not—enough it did exist,
 Though rarefied so much through rolling years,
 That now-a-days it well nigh disappears;
 But still 'tis plain he had an active mind
 And spirit somewhat curious of its kind,
 While through the coarse thick strata of his brain
 There ran a tender and poetic vein.
 Behind these comes a crowd of humbler name,
 Whose deeds or words have earned a lesser fame,

And in whose midst one grander form appears,
 That rose to greater fame in after years :
 The learned Bacon, grand philosopher,
 Who though so wise did with such folly err—
 Not unlike one who in thy reign, O Queen,
 Famed as a great philosopher hath been,
 Whose mind omniscient with far-searching gaze
 Pierced the dark mists that feebler souls amaze,
 And yet from plain and simple truths recoiled
 Which may be comprehended by a child :
 It was not possible for Mill to see
 How Spirit mightier than his own could be ;
 He looked on Nature with the self-same eye
 With which astronomers now search the sky,
 Who patiently among the planets plod,
 And look upon that great white throne of God—
 The glorious Sun—as on some curious toy
 Tossed into space their fancies to employ :
 “ There is no God ”—the angels stood aghast,
 So great a mind should come to this at last—
 If such the sole result the sage can show,
 King David’s fool got that far long ago :
 Man needs no temple now, his own roof-tree
 Protects his only idols ; he can see
 The Deity he worships in the glass
 That oft reflects his own angelic face.
 Next to great Bacon, let the Muse invoke
 The shade substantial of coarse Edward Coke,
 Another head both lengthy and profound,
 Linked to a heart like that of any hound ;
 Who mastered bravely all the laws of men,
 But deemed the law of God beyond his ken.

* * * * *

Such were the luminaries round the throne
 Of her who in their midst the brightest shone.
 Now move the pageant on three hundred years,
 And let the Muse point out their modern peers.
 The first and noblest figure on the scene
 Is that of him thou mournest, gentle Queen,
 Who, though Death bade him from thy side depart,
 Still lives and reigns within thy loving heart—
 The Prince whom all men did alike commend,
 Who never made a foe or lost a friend.
 Elizabeth a suitor such as he
 Searched for in vain around her, and so she,

Losing the joys of every happy wife,
 Lived but the lesser half of woman's life.
 And as for statesmen—Are there none as great
 As when the subtle Burleigh ruled the State?
 Behold the forms of Palmerston and Peel
 The parted curtains of the past reveal!
 No abler statesmen ever grasped the helm,
 To shape the onward progress of this realm,
 Which had been greater still had their wise rules
 But crushed the clamour of short-sighted fools,
 Who, when *they* failed the finger-post to mark,
 Deemed every step a "leap into the dark."
 Round these two shades a group of statesmen stand
 Well fit to rule in any peaceful land:
 Melbourne and Russell, Grey and Aberdeen,
 Who sailed right bravely o'er a sea serene,
 But when the stormy winds began to blow
 Conceived 'twas time for them to go below.
 Two stronger souls behold now moving on—
 Heroic Derby and his sapient son,—
 Of equal reputation (though the one
 Has ended what the other's scarce begun)—
 The father's nobly earned, as all allow,
 The son's acquired, none clearly can tell how—
 But Solemn Silence will accomplish much
 With Englishmen as well as with the Dutch.
 Behind these come, with stately step and slow,
 Two theorists illustrious, Bright and Lowe—
 (The former's favourite maxim, *Cave bellum*;
 The latter's motto, *Ex luce lucellum*)—
 The one a mighty orator and sage,
 Who once was wont at Westminster to rage,
 And stem the noisiest torrent of debate,
 But, strangely apathetic grown of late,
 Finds salmon streams more suited to his taste,
 Or the grim silence of a howling waste;
 And only leaves his peaceful Scottish burn,
 To hurl an epigram and then return.
 His colleague, like a schoolboy tired of sums,
 Lolls idly on his stool and twirls his thumbs.
 Yet are they both exceeding clever men,
 Renowned for poignant wit and facile pen.
 Two curious figures now attract all eyes,
 Hid from the common gaze by their disguise;
 For both a cloak of mystery conceals,
 That nought, save what the wearers wish, reveals.

The wise have long been puzzled to find out
 What these two statesmen really are about—
 Such varied principles each has professed ;
 Now Whig, now Tory, each has stood confessed ;
 Both have forsworn and then embraced a cause ;
 And neither now is what he lately was
 (Save in this single thing—as all may see,
 Each is the other's deadliest enemy)—
 No wonder men are puzzled to declare
 What these two *rare aves* really are.
 The incurious Muse the knotty question shelves,
 But wonders if the two could tell themselves.
 (Their names it is not needful to disclose—
 That's the one thing that everybody knows.)
 Such are the leading statesmen of thy reign,
 Who England's ancient glories well maintain.
 The Muse thy soldiers too reviews with pride—
 Raglan, Sir Henry Havelock and Clyde,
 Outram and Burgoyne, Gough and Cardigan,
 And Windham, hero of the red Redan,
 And he whom fickle Fortune ne'er forsook—
 That Prince of Generals, "The Iron Duke."
 Upon the Sea brave Cochrane and his crew,
 Vice-Admiral Napier, Back and Dundas too,
 The doughtiest deeds of Drake have all surpassed,
 Whereat his frightened foes long stood aghast.
 But now old England's famous "wooden walls"
 Guard her brave sons no more from crashing balls
 And thunderbolts of war. The stately ship,
 Whose praise was ever on the sailor's lip,
 No more with shapely prow shall cleave the seas,
 Her snowy canvas fluttering in the breeze,
 And every slender spar that points on high
 Marked clearly out against the azure sky,
 With her dark portholes in two frowning rows,
 Bidding defiance to Britannia's foes,
 The limpid water rippling in her wake,
 Like glittering scales of some huge water-snake,
 While in the heavens, begemm'd with countless stars—
 (The twinkling lanterns of the jolly tars)—
 The virgin moon casts off her misty veil,
 And steeps in lambent light each silvered sail :
 Soon will this be a vision of the past,
 When hideous iron-clads keep the watery waste.
 But while her trusty seamen still remain,
 No foreign foe shall Britain's shores profane.

Now that thy valiant heroes of the sword,
 The Muse has laboured proudly to record,
 Great Gloriana, suffer her again
 To seek the gentler heroes of the pen,
 Who in thyself a royal leader see,
 Like Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury.
 Thou hast no bard to stand by Shakspeare's side,
 But the applauding Muse can point with pride
 To men in whose great minds arise again
 The grand conceptions of that wondrous brain,
 Each re-created in such wondrous way
 As was not dreamed of in their author's day:
 Macready, Irving, Ryder, Phelps, and Kean,
 Of whom three famous *are*, and two *have been*.
 Till Henry Irving wore his cap and plume,
 Hamlet had never passed from out the gloom,
 Which hath concealed his perfect form from view,
 Since envious Death his first creator slew.
 But the high place of that one towering shape
 A score of famous bards now justly keep,
 Whose songs though equal not to Shakspeare's strain
 Add greater glory to thy glorious reign:
 Wordsworth and Campbell, Moore and Tennyson
 Are names that well may court comparison;
 Knowles, Taylor, Planché, Wills and Byron gay,
 Blanchard, and Albery, Gilbert, Halliday,
 And Robert Browning, with his gifted wife,
 (No less bemourned in death than loved in life),
 Milman and Landor, Swinburne, Hood and Swain,
 Lytton and Locker, swell the goodly train;
 Buchanan, Morris, Arnold and Mackay,
 Who've won a place amid the bright array,
 With Procter and his daughter, gentle Anne,
 And the grand-daughter of great Sheridan,
 Jean Ingelow and hapless "L. E. L.,"
 And other gifted maids who've warbled well—
 Suffice it to enumerate their names,
 And thus recall to mind their several fames;
 (The Muse permits not that an unknown bard
 The merits of his compeers should award.)
 These all, with those of no less lofty aim,
 Who've won renown in other fields of fame—
 Of whom Macaulay, Brougham, Lytton, Grote,
 Carlyle and Dickens are of chiefest note—
 Shall make, beloved Queen, thy name and rule
 The most illustrious on Clio's scroll.

